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SHORT PAGEANTS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

SHORT PAGEANTS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

By

LAURA S. COPENHAVER

Garden City, New York

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TO
LAURA F. FRY

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PREFACE

"Please tell me where I can find a short pageant not too hard to work up!" Leaders in Sunday school and young people's organizations are familiar with this request, and also with the feeling of helplessness resulting from being unable to comply with it.

We have an abundance of long plays and pageants requiring a skilled director, costumes, and many rehearsals, but there is a scarcity of short pageants and plays which may be presented effectively by unskilled groups. Dramatic productions of this sort should present in an unforgettable way a great spiritual truth or law of Christian life. They may, and perhaps should, violate the canon of the regular drama, "Art for art's sake," but they should never present facts or people in a distorted or purely sentimental way, even for the sake of emphasizing an important truth or the need of a mission field. An artistic untruth may be as dangerous in such connection as any other falsehood.

There is no necessity for writers and producers of the religious drama to adhere to established forms or laws of the drama. But they should, as soon as possible, work out definitions and forms suited to their purpose. The term pageant, for instance, loosely used to include any demonstration or play in which more than one person has part, should be restricted to its historic meaning, and a new term agreed upon for the particular dramatic form which is in process of evolution in church groups to-day.

In this volume no attempt is made to classify or define dramatic forms. The religious drama is still in its formative stage and should be shaped, not only by writers and producers, but by the directors of the general educational programme of the Church.

In the plays and pageants that follow, vague symbolic figures have been as far as possible avoided. An effort has been made to attain beauty and variety of setting without demanding too much in the way of costumes and properties.

Most of the programmes have been tried out, although only a few of them have been published before. Full directions are given for music and costumes. Some of the pageants may be lengthened or shortened at the discretion of producers by the introduction or the omission of episodes not necessary to the plot. Wherever possible, the necessity for memorizing is avoided by the use of books, scrolls, shields, or other properties on which words may be pasted.

A sufficient variety is given to make the pageants and plays adaptable for use in Church schools after the worship period, and on Rally Days, festivals of the Church year, for evening programmes and social meetings. They will, it is hoped, be suggestive rather than stereotyped in use.

These pageants may be correlated with the Sunday-school lessons, as, for instance:

For 1929

Sept. 25: Teaching the Law of God, "The Book of Man."

Oct. 17: Living with People of Other Races, "Nothing Common or Unclean."
Oct. 27: The Christian View of Joyfulness, "The Rose of Joy."
Nov. 10: World Peace, "The Peace Dollar."
Nov. 24: The Higher Patriotism, "The Song They Sang" or "The Organ That Would Not Play."
Dec. 1: The Christian Home in the Modern World, "Mother."
Dec. 8: Helping Neighbours in Need, "Who Is Thy Neighbour?"
Dec. 15: The Christian Spirit in Industry, "A Pair of Slippers."

FOR 1930

Feb. 16: Jesus Healing and Helping, "God's Family."
Feb. 23: The Twelve Sent Forth, "Adventurers for the Faith."
April 6: The Law of the Cross, "The Keys."
April 13: The Child and the Kingdom, "Forbid Them Not."
April 27: Giving Up All for the Kingdom, "The Average Woman's Dollar."
June 22: The Risen Lord and the Great Commission, "Adventurers for the Faith" or "The Organ That Would Not Play."

SHORT PAGEANTS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

GENERAL DIRECTIONS

The director who presents these brief pageants in Sunday school, church, club, or society should be gratefully aware that he is giving the children and young people a chance to express in their religious life their delight in colour, music, and action, but he should also realize that his work is a part of the teaching programme of the Church. He will find in the book pageants for Special Days in the Church Year, such as Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving Day; also, a Labour Day and a brief Mother's Day Programme. If Decision Day or Christian Education Day is observed, the long pageant "The Keys" can be given so that it will consume the half-hour period. By the omission of episodes, this pageant may be shortened.

THE READER:

A number of time-saving devices are used in the construction of these pageants. The Reader, for instance, eliminates the need for explanatory dialogue. On his scroll the entire pageant may be pasted, and he is thus able to give his own part without memorizing it and to direct others in action and speech. The person who is to take this part should be chosen with care; either a man or woman with a good voice and, if possible, some training in reading or public speaking.

The costume is a long dark robe, such as is seen in Sargent's pictures of the Prophets. If the Reader is a woman who prefers a lighter robe, the usual Greek or

classical robe in light blue, gray, or dark red may be worn. The scroll is made from brown wrapping paper cut in long six-inch strips and pasted over two rollers of wood. The Reader may be called the Interpreter, the Leader, the Prophet, or the Keeper of the Portal.

THE COSTUMES:

Special costuming is necessary for spectacular effect and may be obtained with comparative ease by the appointment of a costume committee whose members realize the value of their work and are, therefore, willing to give their time. If this committee owns what is known as a "costume trunk," gifts will be made for it of certain well-known and often-needed costumes. If these costumes are accurate and beautiful the children and even the adults who see them from time to time get training in the appreciation of other races and times.

ORIENTAL COSTUMES:

No ludicrous travesties of Oriental dress should be permitted. As soon as it is known that the Costume Committee is at work in earnest the coöperation of travellers in the Orient and of mission boards may be counted on for the securing of costumes that fairly represent the nations of the East.

The same suggestion applies to the Negro. The make-up and the costume of vaudeville is out of place in a religious programme. It defeats the very purpose of the programme which is to give appreciation and understanding of other races.

THE ANGEL:

A simple and beautiful costume for the Angel is white silk, satin, muslin, crêpe, or cheesecloth. On the arms are

two straight folds of the same material, attached to the shoulders and the wrists in such a way that, when the arms are extended, the effect of wings is obtained. A halo is made from hat wire. One circular piece fitting the head closely, the other circular piece (the same size or slightly larger) fastened to the first piece by strips of wire about three inches long, making the second piece seem to rest in the air above the head. The second piece of wire is covered with gold tinsel.

ROMAN SOLDIER OR CENTURION:

Tunic. Of gray or white cambric with inch-wide strips slashed from the bottom up to the hips all around and a second row of slashed strips cut over the first. The ends of these strips are painted with silver paper. Slashed leather may be used instead of cambric, or brown cambric may be used to imitate leather.

Knickers. Of gray or brown cambric, close fitting.

Armour. From cardboard covered with silver paper or silver paint; sewed together under one arm after having been adjusted to the body. Worn over the tunic.

Helmet. Made from the crown of an old hat. Study the shape of the Roman helmet in pictures and copy as accurately as possible. Cover with silver paper.

Spears. Round poles eight feet long, with a diamond-shaped piece of cardboard covered with silver paper or paint, stuck into a slit at the top.

The New York Sunday School Commission, 416 Lafayette St., New York City, will send reproductions in colour of Tissot pictures at 1½ cents each. These pictures are accurate and will be helpful in all Biblical costumes.

Time Period. All the pageants and programmes are arranged so that they can be given in ten minutes. "The Keys" is the only exception to this rule. If the time limit is not to be exceeded all entrances and exits should be planned so that no time is lost. In some cases hymns must be omitted.

THE BOOK OF MAN

This pageant may be given without rehearsal or special costuming. It is more effective if the bearers of the Bible wear the costumes of the periods and nations represented. Old melodies, as "How Firm a Foundation," "Rock of Ages," "Jesus Lover of My Soul," "Faith of Our Fathers," may be played for the entrance of each bearer of the Bible. Or historic old chants, written during each period represented, may be played for the entrances. The scrolls or Bibles should correspond as nearly as possible with the type of manuscript or Bible used in the period or country represented. But the programme may be given without anything more than the usual scrolls and the Bibles of to-day.

(*The Reader enters and takes a position at the right of the platform. One by one the bearers of the Bible enter in their turn, coming from the left and taking a position which forms a semicircle when all are in.*)

Reader: There is one book which has become in every age and in every nation a best-seller. That book is the Bible. Many times in history tyrants have tried to destroy it. They have sent soldiers to hunt for hidden copies and burn them. Secreted in prison cells, buried in caves, wrapped in old garments, again and again the Book has been saved. It has been preserved on papyrus; on broken pieces of pottery; on the skins of animals. It has been

translated into seven hundred languages and dialects. It is sent forth in increasing quantities every year from the printing presses of every nation of the world. In the Bible, the yearnings, the follies, and the sins of mankind are set forth so clearly that no student of the book can be ignorant of human nature.

In the Bible, the weariness of the human spirit, which finds no help in the things of the flesh, is dispelled by the assurance of immortality.

(*Enter a Roman Maiden carrying a scroll.*)

Roman Maiden: I hold in my hand the Bible which was read by the early disciples in underground tombs and in upper rooms where they sat in danger of death. Yet they were not afraid. What they read gave them courage beyond that of other men. Perpetua, a Carthaginian of noble birth, was one of them. Her father said to her:

"You will be thrown to the lions if you do not worship the Emperor. You do not need to forswear your god Jesus. You may worship him, also, if you will only worship the Emperor as well. All my influence cannot save you unless you say that the Emperor is God."

"I cannot say that," she answered. "There is only one God, and it is *He* whom I serve."

She was taken into the arena. A gladiator killed her with his sword. As he looked into her eyes his hand trembled. Afterward he said:

"What was there in the eyes of this weak woman that was like a light from the sky?"

(*Enter a Gothic Maiden or Warrior, with a scroll.*)

Goth: I hold the Gothic Bible of Ulfilas, who "for the love of Christ and his Gospel, left the city of Constan-

tinople and all its luxuries to bury himself among the Goths in the dark forests beyond the Danube." Ulfilas preached the Gospel, but he saw that, if his work was to endure, he must have the Bible itself for his people to read in their own language. They had no written language. So Ulfilas set to work to make a language. The old Bible which he translated in letters of silver on purple vellum, brought many blessings to the people. One of these blessings was the written language itself, which Ulfilas made in order that he might put the Bible into it.

(*Enter Monk with scroll.*)

Monk: I hold the Bible of the Dark Ages, written in the Latin language. The people could not read it. Sometimes it was even chained to the pulpit. These people were enslaved. Only here and there a voice dared to speak for religious freedom.

(*Enter English Peasant with old leather-backed Bible.*)

English Peasant: I hold the Bible of Tyndale translated early in the Sixteenth Century. Tyndale said to a learned man who opposed translating the Bible into English:

"It is impossible to establish the people in any truth unless the scriptures be laid before them in their mother tongue. If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause that a boy who driveth the plough shall know more of the scriptures than thou dost."

Tyndale was forced to flee for his life. He went to Germany where students of all nations were flocking to the great Reformer, Martin Luther. He completed his work of translation, and, from Germany, six thou-

sand copies of the English Bible were sent into England. Tyndale said:

"I am willing to face poverty, exile, absence from friends, hunger, thirst, and cold, great dangers and hardships in order to finish my work."

After he had finished his work he went back to England, where he was strangled and burned at the stake. Twenty years later two men who had studied and preached Tyndale's Bible were also burned at the stake.

One of these men, on his way to death, said to his friend:

"Be of good cheer. We shall this day light such a fire in England as shall never be put out."

(*Enter East Indian with scroll.*)

East Indian: I hold the Bible translated by Carey into the language of India. Day after day and night after night he studied the sacred writings of India and the speech of the people. When he had finished his great task he wrote "Expect great things from God. Attempt great things for God."

(*Enter Burmese, with manuscript representing Dr. Judson's Bible.*)

Burmese: I hold the Bible that was hidden by Mrs. Judson in a pillow and sent to her husband in prison at Ava in Burma. When Dr. Judson was taken from Ava the pillow was carelessly thrown into the yard. A faithful servant rescued it and kept it safely hidden away until the war was over and he could give it back to Dr. Judson.

(*Enter Chinese with printed Chinese Bible, if possible. If not, with representation.*)

Chinese: I hold the Bible translated by Robert Mor-

rison into Chinese. Morrison was not allowed to teach the people of China on penalty of death. Any Chinese who accepted his religion was threatened with death. Yet he went on with his work of translation. Twenty-five years later Christianity had grown so rapidly in China that its Christian women presented to the Empress Dowager a copy of the Bible in their language.

(*Enter North American Indian with Indian Bible or a representation.*)

North American Indian: This is the "Book that made the trail plain" to the Nez Percé Indians, translated and printed in their language by the American Bible Society in 1871. Forty years before, the tribe had heard of a book that made the white man wise and strong. They sent four chiefs to go and bring back the book to them. Over mountains and rivers and vast prairies the chiefs went, until they came to St. Louis.

"Where is the white man's Book of Heaven?" they asked.

In spite of ridicule, illness, and many dangers the Indians kept on in their search until at last American missionaries came to bring them the Bible in their own tongue.

(*Enter an American with a well-bound American Bible.*)

American: This is the Bible on which our Constitution is founded and from which Thomas Jefferson declared he took many of the principles of the Declaration of Independence. The Book on which the Oath of Office is taken by the officials of the government of the United States. It is the foundation of our wisest laws and the source of the principles of justice and brotherhood which

are preached from our pulpits, and which will ultimately bring peace among the nations of the earth.

(*Enter an American Girl or Boy with an old family Bible.*)

Second American: I hold an old family Bible. Around it young and old have gathered to worship. It has formed the ideals of personal morality and of civic and social righteousness which control the noblest among us. Painters, writers, and musicians who have studied it in childhood have later found in it their greatest themes. Through it men have reached out into the unseen and found hope for despair, strength for weakness.

Leader: There has always been power in the Bible to change the lives of men. The common people in every land have heard the Word gladly, and it has gone into the "song of the anvil and the wheel." Kings have heard it, and some have stepped down from their thrones that they might the better preach the Word. Others have held their sceptres and ruled for the good of their people. Women, shut in from light and hope, have heard it, and found the joy of Christian fellowship. Men whose feet have been set on the way of death have heard it and entered into life. The hope that faileth not, the Light that perisheth not, the peace that passeth understanding are in the Word.

Many of the historic facts in this programme are taken from *The Bible and Missions,* by Helen Barrett Montgomery.

THE PEACE DOLLAR

Characters

AVERAGE CITIZEN: Either man or woman, ordinary dress of to-day.

MISS COLUMBIA: Long white robe with the Cap of the Republic in three colours on her head. Or a plain white dress with a scarf of bunting (stars and stripes) about her shoulders. If desired she may have two attendants, one of whom carries the Flag.

(*Enter the Average American Citizen from left and Miss Columbia from right.*)

Average Citizen: Well, how do you do, Miss Columbia! How fortunate this is! I have been wishing for some time that I might meet you. And to think that I knew you right away! I have long wondered what is the difference between you and Uncle Sam. I see now that you represent the grace and beauty of our beloved country, while Uncle Sam attends to the business. That reminds me! You know (*confidentially*) I am the Average American Citizen and I think I have a right to know what Uncle Sam does with all the taxes he collects. I suspect that he wastes a great deal of money, and for some time I have intended to find out about his expenditures. Does he tell you anything about his affairs?

Miss Columbia: Oh, yes, Uncle Sam, like all men,

talks a great deal about his business. He tells me everything, in fact.

Average Citizen: I have heard that Uncle Sam's yearly budget is perfectly tremendous, five hundred billions or millions or trillions—I don't remember the exact figure. But I do think that, as an average citizen, I ought to know how every bit of it is spent. Can you tell me?

Miss Columbia: Indeed I can. Uncle Sam spends every year about three billion, eight hundred and eight-seven million, three hundred and thirty-nine thousand, seven hundred and ninety-seven dollars [$3,887,339,797]. Would you like to see how his yearly dollar looks after it is divided? I can show you exactly where every part of each dollar goes.

Average Citizen: Please show me at once.

Miss Columbia (*holding up Dollar No. 1 and pointing, as she speaks, to each of the divisions in turn*): First, Uncle Sam must keep himself going. He must have running expenses for paying Congressmen, Senators, judges, the President, and their various departments. He spends 5 per cent. of every dollar for running expenses. Second, he must improve the country. He must keep up rivers, harbours, and roads. He must attend to Indian affairs. He spends 5 per cent. of every dollar for these improvements. Third, he spends generously for the education of his future citizens. He has many children for whom he must provide schools and teachers, and also many immigrants who have much to learn in this new world and who must even be taught to speak English. He must have a public-school system with state colleges and universities. The states cannot do all this alone. They need help. Uncle Sam spends 1 per cent. of

every dollar for education. It is true that he still has a higher percentage of illiterates than any of the great European countries, but you will admit that he is very liberal in the matter of public education.

Average Citizen: I don't understand how you can think him so very liberal if you mean that this narrow strip is all he spends for education But now about *this large black piece!* What does Uncle Sam spend this part for?

Miss Columbia: This large black piece? You mean *this* large black piece?

Average Citizen: That is just what I mean—this large black piece.

Miss Columbia: This large black piece—er—er——

Average Citizen: It takes you a long time to answer my question. I am beginning to suspect that you are ashamed of the way this large black piece is spent.

Miss Columbia: Oh, no, I am not ashamed of anything. The eagle would not scream so loudly if I were. I will explain. You understand, I am sure, that Uncle Sam must maintain his honour. He must avenge insults. He must fight, if he wishes to fight. He must always be ready for war. He must pay for the wars he has gone through with in the past, and the bill is a terribly heavy one. He spends eighty-six cents out of every dollar for war.

Average Citizen: Eighty-six per cent.! This great black piece for war! This is terrible. It should not be allowed to go on. Is there nothing we can do?

Miss Columbia: The Secretary of the Treasury says: "The situation is inevitable as long as war is the method of settling international disputes These facts should be

faced squarely by those who clamour for reduced government expenditures and at the same time oppose the world's efforts to devise rational methods for settling international questions."

Average Citizen: I'm sure I don't want any more wars! But there's nothing *I* can do about it.

Miss Columbia: Indeed there is. You can inform yourself about public affairs and vote. The votes of the republic should be cast by citizens informed as to the issues at stake. You can feel and express friendship for people of all races and nations.

Average Citizen: I am greatly disturbed at the idea of your putting any of the responsibility for war on *me,* instead of leaving it all with the Secretary of the Treasury who spends the money we give him, and with the members of Congress who pass all those dreadful bills!

Miss Columbia: The members of Congress are elected by the votes of the people, and if the people will think of peace and believe in peace and talk about peace, we shall soon have the appropriations for war transferred to the needs of peace

Average Citizen: We have signed a treaty renouncing war. Isn't that enough?

Miss Columbia: That is a beginning, and if all lovers of peace throughout the world will continue to work as faithfully for peace as militarists work for war, we shall have peace as a blessed reality. But we must continue to believe in it and talk about it and work for it.

Average Citizen: I see; and if we do this in the United States, how will our dollar look in the future?

Miss Columbia: It is hard to answer your question exactly. Some of our battleships may be turned into

schools in which our children will receive part of their education. Our swords will be turned into ploughshares. Here is a dollar in which the black space is gone. Even what we devote to national and international police force is spent, not in hate, but in friendliness. The amount devoted to education has increased, and we have schools where international study gives all of us a chance to know the best of the cultures of other nations

Average Citizen: This dollar is certainly more beautiful than the first dollar. I love to think of the time when it will represent our national expenditures. I want to do all I can to bring to pass the day

When War shall be no more and strife shall cease
Upon the highway of the Prince of Peace.

(*The Choir sings, "In Christ there is no East or West." Music on page 18.*)

Directions for Making the Two Dollars

Two Dollars should be made according to the model on circles of white cardboard about 29 inches in diameter, the divisions marked with black ink or crayon. On Dollar No. 1 the entire space devoted to war should be black. The 5 per cent. for running expenses is coloured red with small white stars pasted on it. The 8 per cent. for improvements, etc., blue with gold stars. The 1 per cent. for education white with gold stars.

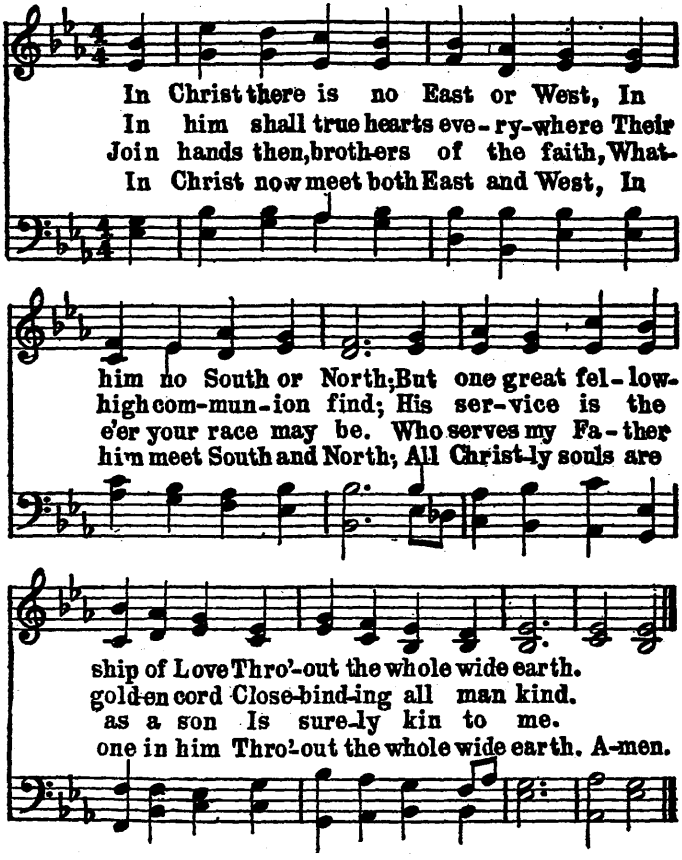
Dollar No. 2 is made exactly like No. 1 except that the black part is left white and covered with gold stars.

If desired, the speech of each person may be pasted on

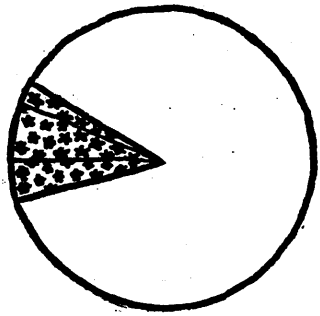
IN CHRIST THERE IS NO EAST OR WEST

(ST. PETER. C.M.)

JOHN OXENHAM, 1908 ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE, 1836



the reverse side of the dollar she presents, so that the necessity for memorizing the parts is avoided.



This little play is adapted from a longer play previously published by the Woman's Missionary Society of the United Lutheran Church, by whose kind permission it is given here in different form.

THE ORGAN THAT WOULD NOT PLAY

Characters and Costumes

TWELVE CHILDREN: Any age desired; well dressed.

SUPERINTENDENT OF PRIMARY DEPT.: A young woman .

WISE WOMAN: Any age desired.

GROUPS OF CHILDREN: From the city streets (ragged but not ludicrously so); factory; Italians; immigrants, etc.

FIVE OR SIX CHILDREN: Representing other nations, such as Chinese, Japanese, Eskimo, Indian, etc.

THE ORGANIST: A piano may be substituted for the organ. If so, the words *"piano"* and *"pianist"* should be substituted throughout.

(*Twelve children enter. With them the Superintendent of the Primary Dept.*)

First Child: There is an old Wise Woman who lives on the edge of town in a house by the side of the road. She sometimes helps people in trouble. We told her about our beautiful organ, and she said she might be able to help us. So we brought her along. May we go out and ask her to come in?

Supt.: I do not think she can possibly know more than all the experts we have called in to examine our organ and find out what the trouble is.

First Child: We thought she couldn't do any harm.

Supt.: That is true; things cannot be any worse than they are. You may bring her in.

(*First Child goes out and brings in the Wise Woman.*)

Wise Woman: What is the trouble?

Supt.: The organ will not play. It will not play some songs at all, and even when it does play its notes are harsh and unmusical.

Wise Woman: How long have you had the organ?

Supt.: Anyone who really knows organs can see that it is a new organ and a very expensive one.

Wise Woman: What is the trouble with it?

Supt.: That is just what we don't know. We thought at first it was the organist; so we discharged him and engaged the best organist in the state. Still the organ is all wrong. There are some songs that it will not play at all, no matter how hard the organist presses the keys.

Wise Woman: What are the songs it will not play?

Supt.: That is the thing we have just found out, and we are not quite sure yet that we are right.

Wise Woman: Shall I tell you?

Supt.: If you can.

Wise Woman: Your organ will not play any songs with the word *Love* in them.

Supt.: How did you guess?

Wise Woman: I have seen organs like this before.

Supt.: Can you cure it? What shall we do? Nearly all the songs we like best have the word Love in them.

Wise Woman: This is one of the finest organs in the world.

Supt.: We know that.

Wise Woman: It will not play unless you bring *all* the children into your Sunday school.

Supt.: All the children? That is just what we do *not* want to do! This is the most select Sunday school in town. Mothers who send their children here know that they will have only the best associates.

Wise Woman: But your organ will not play.

Supt.: That is true, and we are very sad. Our Sunday school is not as good as it used to be because of the organ. A few people are even beginning to look down on us.

First Child: I know some children! Let me go and bring them in!

Second Child: I know some children! I am going after them and then, perhaps, the organ will play.

(*First and Second Child run out.*)

Third Child: I know some children! One of them comes with her mother and helps carry our washing. She's a nice child, too, and I am going to find her. May I?

Supt.: I suppose so. You might just as well go.

(*Third Child runs out.*)

Fourth Child: I know a boy—he's an awful tough boy, and ragged and dirty. He's got a big patch on his best coat. If we bring all the children he ought to come, too, oughtn't he?

Supt.: Yes, I suppose so.

(*Fourth Child runs out. First Child reënters with several children.*)

First Child: I have brought some children! They live on the street next to ours, and they never go to Sunday school, but they want to hear the organ play.

Second Child (*returning with a group of children*): I found some children. They work in a factory all day, and they are too tired to go to Sunday school most Sundays, but they want to hear the organ play.

(*Third Child comes in with two children. Fourth Child comes in with Italian children.*)

Fourth Child: I found two children. Their father plays in the band, but they never go to church.

Fifth Child: I know some funny children. They don't talk like we do or dress like we do, but if we have to find *all* the children they must come, too, don't you think?

Supt.: Yes, I suppose so.

(*Fifth Child goes out.*)

Sixth Child: Must we bring in all the children of the world before our organ will play?

Wise Woman: Yes, you must bring in all the children of the world.

Sixth Child: There are a lot of children 'way over on the other side of the earth. Chinese and Japanese and Indian and a lot of others. What are we going to do about them?

(*Fifth Child reënters with Chinese children.*)

Fifth Child: These children live down by the river, and they never have been to Sunday school. They cannot even talk like we do.

Supt.: These are Chinese children.

Sixth Child: But there are a lot of children on the other side of the earth who don't live in our town or even in our country.

Wise Woman: The organ will not play until you have brought in all the children.

Sixth Child: How can we bring them?

Wise Woman: Think of them! Love them! Love goes around the world and brings back whatever we find to love.

Supt.: The words of the Wise Woman are true. We

must bring all the children of the world into our Sunday school by loving them. Let us think of the children all over the world. Of the children in huts and in palaces in China and India. Out under the trees by the rivers of India and shut up in the snow huts of Alaska. On the farms and in the mud huts of Africa. In the log cabins of our Southern mountains. In the dark cellars of our cities. In the beautiful homes of our land and homeless on the city streets. Let us think of the children all over the world who are homeless to-day.

(*While the Superintendent and the children stand in the attitude of prayer the Choir sings softly: "All the children of the world." The organ plays softly. One by one the children representing China, Japan, India, Alaska, and any other countries desired, enter.*)

Japanese Child: We have come.

First Child: You came—because we love you?

Japanese Child: And because we love you.

First Child: The organ! The organ is playing!

(*All the children stand in the attitude of joy and thanksgiving. Some clasp their hands. Others kneel as if in prayer. Others stand with arms around one another. The organ plays:*)

ALL THE CHILDREN OF THE WORLD

LAURA S. COPENHAVER — ARMAND MILLER

Oh, the world is full of chil-dren! And their
Oh, the world is full of chil-dren! And their
Oh, the world is full of chil-dren! Let them

lit-tle feet have trod Wea-ry paths to up raised
fal-tring lit-tle hands Grope in dark-ness for a
weave a di-a-dem, Clasp-ing hands a-cross the

al-tars Of some un-known life-less God. Shall we
Sav-iour—Chil-dren of all climes and lands, Do you
o-cean, For the Christ of Beth-le-hem. Crown Him

tell them of our Sav-iour? Je-sus
know a won-drous sto-ry; Which will
King of all the na-tions, Our a-

loves the children's praise And His love will bring a
fill their lives with light, Give to eyes that now are
noint-ed, liv-ing Lord, While the chil-dren of all

glo-ry To the dark-ness of their days.
blind ed, All the bless-ed joy of sight?
ra-ces Sing His Name in glad ac-cord.

REFRAIN

All the chil-dren of the world Tell them of

Je-sus! Let us seek them in His Name And His

match-less love pro-claim To the chil-dren,

All the chil-dren of the world. A-men.

(*All go out to the playing of the hymn.*)

This hymn is copyrighted by the Woman's Missionary Society of the United Lutheran Church.

ADVENTURERS OF THE FAITH

A SIMPLE DRAMATIC PRESENTATION OF THE GROWTH OF CHRISTIANITY

Characters and Costumes

A READER.

TEN SHIELD BEARERS: Either boys or girls. The national costume of each country represented, or, if desired, robes in ten colours may be worn instead of the national costumes. Or white robes with coloured scarves on which the names of the countries are printed. These scarves should be worn over the left shoulder and spread out so that the words are visible.

A FLAG BEARER: Either boy or girl. If a boy, a short tunic with knee breeches and a cape falling away from his shoulders. If a girl, a white robe with crown of gold paper surmounted by a cross.

TWO ATTENDANTS: Girls. White robes with bands of gold on their hair.

Directions for Making Shields

The shields should be of pasteboard covered with silver paper. Dimensions (at widest point), 20 inches long and 18 inches wide. On the shields should be the following: (1) Greece 52 A. D., (2) Rome 62 A. D.,

(3) France 153 A. D., (4) The Goths 360 A. D., (5) Ireland 431 A. D., (6) Scotland 563 A. D., (7) England 596 A. D., (8) Germany 15 A. D., (9) America 1502 A. D., (10) India 1706 A. D.

On the inside of the shields, the parts to be spoken may be pasted so that they need not be memorized.

(*Enter Reader.*)

Reader: The voice of Jesus called men from the hills and plans of Judea and His words rang upon their hearts. Yearning to find the Way of Life, they came to Him. From the markets where they were buying and selling; from the sea where they left their fish nets; from the hills where they had waited in vain for a message out of the dawn; from the workshops and the city streets, they came to hear the Words that were like the words of no other man.

(*Enter Grecian Shield Bearer.*)

After the resurrection of Jesus, His disciples carried His Words into other countries. The Apostle Paul went into Greece and stood on Mars Hill. He said to the people of Athens, "Him whom ignorantly ye worship, declare I unto you."

(*Enter Roman Shield Bearer who takes place beside Greece.*)

Roman Shield Bearer: Paul preached so boldly that again and again he was put into prison. At last he was sent to Rome, where he preached the Gospel at first in chains and then as a prisoner in his own hired house. Under a Roman Emperor, Paul suffered martyrdom. Many other Christians at this time and later died for their faith. "They bore trial of mockings and scourgings, yea, even of chains and imprisonment. They were stoned.

They were sawn asunder. They were tempted. They were slain with the sword." Romanus, being condemned for his faith in Christ, was scourged, his body torn with hooks, his flesh cut with knives, his teeth beaten from their sockets. Afterward, he was strangled. Susanna, being pressed by the Emperor to renounce her faith and marry a noble pagan, refused and was beheaded. Peter, a slave belonging to the Emperor, was laid on a gridiron and broiled over a slow fire until he died. Zoe, the wife of the jailer who had tortured many martyrs, was converted. She was hanged upon a tree with a fire of straw lighted under her until she died. But not one of them would give up their faith in Christ.

(*Enter French Shield Bearer who takes place beside Rome.*)

French Shield Bearer: In Gaul, which afterward became France, a little slave girl, Blandina, was tortured by the Governor because he thought that it would be easy to make a child deny her faith. He even broke her fingers and arms, "You shall be free, if you will only say, 'I give up Jesus Christ,' " the soldiers told her. "I cannot say that," she answered. "I will not give Him up. If you kill me I shall be with Him." The soldiers took her into the arena, where she was slain by a wild beast; but she would not give up her faith in Christ.

(*Enter Shield Bearer of Ireland, who takes place beside France.*)

Irish Shield Bearer: A little boy living on a farm in Scotland was one day seized and carried away by pirates. He was taken to Ireland and sold as a slave. He tried to run away and finally succeeded, but was captured again. At last he did get away to France. There, he heard the

story of Christ and studied for weeks and months about the teachings of Christ and what these teachings should lead people to do. But he could not forget Ireland calling to him and saying, "Come back, O child of God, come back and work among us." At last he went back of his own free will to the land of his captivity and taught the people, who listened to him gladly. After his death, they called him St. Patrick.

(*Enter Scottish Shield Bearer, who takes place beside Ireland.*)

Scottish Shield Bearer: In a little wicker boat Columba sailed from Ireland to Scotland, where he preached to the people who came in crowds to listen. Many years afterward a young Scottish girl died for the faith which Columba had taught her parents. She said to the persecutors who cried out to her to give up her faith: "You may kill my body, but you cannot touch *me.*"

(*Enter English Shield Bearer, who takes place beside Ireland.*)

English Shield Bearer: In the year 536 Edwin, King of Northumbria, was sitting in his great hall with his servants and chiefs. A missionary had come to tell him the story of Christ. His chiefs did not want to listen, but the King said, "Do you see that sparrow which flies into our hall and out again? Not one of us knows whence it comes or whether it goes. So it is with the soul of man. It comes, we know not whence. It goes, we know not whither. Here is a man come to tell us of our souls. Shall we not hear him? So the messenger was allowed to speak, and Northumbria became Christian. Afterward, other kingdoms followed, until to-day all England is called a Christian nation.

(*Enter German Shield Bearer, who takes place beside England.*)

German Shield Bearer: In the year 1511 the Church had become corrupt. Indulgences were openly sold to people who felt that because of these bits of writing they could commit sin without fear of punishment in this world or the next. At Rome the Head of the Church lived in splendour unequalled by that of any of the kings of the earth. It was then that Martin Luther, as he was going up the stone steps of Pilate's Stairs on his knees in Rome, heard ringing in his ears the words, "The just shall live by faith." He rose from his knees and walked down the steps never to come back. He nailed on the church door at Wittenberg the theses which were to overturn the power of the pope and priest and bring to the people faith in the living Word.

(*Enter American Shield Bearer who takes place beside Germany.*)

American Shield Bearer: Into a new world came adventurers who said that they were led by a desire to worship God. Although their minds were taken up with fighting and with the search for gold they built churches and founded colleges for the purpose of teaching the Word. As they grew in wealth they continued to build colleges and churches where man's spirit might be fed. In the nation they founded there are to-day millions of men, women, and children working in factories and mills, or driving about in search of change, or seeking material goods with no thought of the life of the spirit. Yet in this nation ideals of brotherhood are growing more powerful, and many thousand Americans to-day are

giving their lives to building the Kingdom of God in the earth.

(*Enter East Indian Shield Bearer who takes place beside America.*)

East Indian Shield Bearer: The star rose in the East, and to the East it came again when missionaries brought the Word to the peoples of the Orient.

(*Enter Flag Bearer and two Attendants. They walk centre front while the organist plays the tune "Lancashire." They then take place at extreme right.*)

Reader:

Adventurers, what voice is it that calls you far
To lands unknown, to dangers known too well,
That lures you from the quiet ways of home,
To crowded streets and homeless wanderings,
What flag is this you bear aloft, unfurled,
Through mountain pass and flood and flame and death?

Flag Bearer:

The Voice that calls? It is the Voice of Christ!
The Flag we bear? It is the Flag of Christ!
The love that leads? It is the Love of Christ!
For Christ has sent us into all the world
That men may find in Him eternal life.

(*The Flag Bearer and Attendants walk to centre front. The Reader moves to a place beside them. The Shield Bearers form a semicircle behind them.*)

Reader (*standing centre front*)*:*

"All power in earth and heaven
Is given unto me;
Go ye and teach the nations."
And over land and sea

Across the King's own highway
  Went those who bore the Word—
The last the Great Commission,
  From Christ, their risen Lord.

And some who bore the message
  Deserts and mountains crossed;
And some the world took note of,
  And some were counted lost;
Some blazed new trails in glory,
  And some in darkness died;
Some wore the crown in triumph,
  And some were crucified.

What though these brave adventurers
  Upon the King's highway
No longer lead the vanguard
  Or meet with us to pray?
We know they have not perished!
  On earth they ran their race;
Now in the light eternal
  They see their Father's face.

With them we build the kingdom
  Where love must conquer hate;
Where purposes of friendship
  The world's old woes abate.
Where man's faith in his brother
  Is as his faith is right,
And nations out of darkness
  Together walk in light.

(The Shield Bearers, Flag Bearer, and Attendants join in singing this hymn to the tune "Lancashire." If

desired, copies of the hymn may be distributed among the audience so that they may join in the singing.

The tune "Lancashire" is played as a recessional. The Shield Bearers go out first. After them comes the Reader. Last of all the Attendants and the Flag Bearer.)

"NOTHING COMMON OR UNCLEAN"

Characters and Costumes

READER: Costume described under General Directions.
PETER: Tunic of dark blue cambric reaching below the knees. Sash of striped material wrapped tightly around the waist. Sandals.
ANGEL: Costume described under General Directions.
SAMARITAN: Brown tunic with red sash. Sandals.
WOMAN: Oriental Costume with a long veil covering her entire body. This veil is thrown back across her shoulders as she reads the scroll. Described under General Directions, p. 4.
ETHIOPIANS Short tunic of coarse sacking, tight-fitting knickers. Turban or head drape of bright colours.
ROMAN CENTURION: Costume described under General Directions.
CORNELIUS: Same costume as that of the Centurion, except that he does not carry a spear.
ATTENDANTS: Same costume as Centurion, with spears.
TEACHER: Costume of the present day.
MARGARET: Costume of the present day.

(*Enter Reader, who takes place at extreme right of platform.*)

Reader: In Joppa, in the heat of noonday, Peter went up to pray on the housetop of Simon the Tanner. From

the groves on the east came the cool breeze wafting the fragrance of myrtle and roses. From the streets, the smell of camels passing in a long caravan to Jerusalem. Strongest of all the odours was the smell of leather tanning in Simon's vats, to be made into wine- or water-bottles, or thongs for beating lazy slaves. Men of many races and castes passed by Simon's house. From the aliens among them Peter had often turned away with contempt.

(*Peter enters and kneels rear centre.*)

As Peter knelt and raised his hands to the God of Israel he thought with disdain of the rabble passing beneath the house: A troop of dancing girls clashing their cymbals as they walked. A black eunuch on his way to the palace of his lord. A savage Gaul from across the sea. A Roman centurion with a band of soldiers and a great blare of trumpets. A leper or a lunatic escaped from his place outside the city walls only to be chased back again.

(*The Angel enters to soft music, such as "Träumerei."*)

Angel (*reading from a scroll*): "Peter went upon the housetop to pray about the sixth hour; And he became very hungry and would have eaten; but while they made ready, he fell into a trance. And saw heaven opened and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners and let down to the earth; Wherein were all manner of fourfooted beasts of the earth; and wild beasts and creeping things and fowls of the air. And there came a voice to him: Rise, Peter; kill and eat.

"But Peter said, Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean! And the voice

spake unto him the second time, What God hath cleansed, call not thou common. This was done thrice, and the vessel was received up again into heaven."

Peter (rising and seeing the Angel): What is the meaning of this vision? The four-footed beasts, the swine, the hare, the coney, the nighthawk, and the pelican, every creeping thing that flieth—all forbidden by our law. Why does the vision say, "Rise, Peter; kill and eat"? Can this voice be from Heaven?

Angel: What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common or unclean!

Peter: Nothing common or unclean? This cannot be true. Come with me and see the rabble that passes below us.

(*Peter takes the Angel to extreme left rear and he points to the figures as they pass across the extreme front.*)

Behold this Samaritan!

(*Enter Samaritan, who walks slowly across front.*) This half-breed mongrel, despised by every true Israelite! Shall one of God's pure and chosen race, an Israelite, speak with such a man?

Angel: "God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is acceptable to Him."

(*Samaritan passes out left as Woman comes in right.*)

Peter: This is another of the despised ones, a woman, the unclean sex, whose very presence so defiled the holy place that Herod built the Court of the Women in the temple, beyond which no woman may enter. Women must be veiled so that a man may not defile himself by looking at them.

Angel: For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. In Him there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.

(*Angel gives Peter the scroll. Peter reads aloud.*)

Peter: "In Him there is neither male nor female."

(*The Woman seems to listen, throws back her veil, and clasps her hands with joy, as she goes out. An Ethiopian enters.*)

Peter: Look at this Ethiopian—a member of a race, by nature inferior, made to be slaves, "hewers of wood and drawers of water." He is now on his way to his master. Surely, it is not the will of the high and holy One that inhabiteth eternity that I should treat this slave as an equal?

Angel: Read what is written.

Peter (*reading from the scroll*): "In Christ there is neither bond nor free, but all are one in Christ Jesus."

(*A Roman centurion enters.*)

Peter: Behold, there comes the master of this slave, a Roman centurion; a hated race of conquerors—tyrants—descended from the cubs of a wolf. Shall I, one of God's chosen people, treat *him* as an equal?

Angel: Read what is written in the scroll.

Peter (*reading*): "In Him there is neither Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but all are one in Christ Jesus."

(*The First Centurion and the Ethiopian pass out. A knocking is heard at the door.*)

Reader: There was a certain man called Cornelius, a centurion of the band called the Italian band, who also saw in a vision an angel of God coming to him. The angel told him to go to the house of Simon the Tanner, in

Joppa and find Peter. Cornelius obeyed and came to find Peter.

(*Enter Cornelius with Attendants. Cornelius falls down at Peter's feet and lifts his hands in adoration, bowing to the ground three times.*)

Reader: And Cornelius fell down at Peter's feet and worshipped him."

(*Peter takes Cornelius by the hand and lifts him up.*)

Peter: I, also, am a man who have had a vision from God as you have had. For we are all children of God by faith in Jesus Christ. There is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free. We are all one in Christ Jesus.

(*To the music of "Träumerei," the cast go out to the right. The music changes to "How firm a foundation." To this music Margaret and Teacher enter from the left.*)

Teacher: I have missed you from church, Margaret, for the last three weeks.

Margaret: Yes; I haven't been to church. We are thinking of moving our membership away from St. Mark's.

Teacher: I am sorry. Is anything the matter?

Margaret: You see, St. Mark's is getting to be nothing but a down-town church. I don't like the idea of sitting next all these dagoes Mrs. Paris brings in every Sunday. In the classroom next to ours Mr. Paris has a class of Chinese. Think of it, *Chinese!* There's a laundry not two blocks away from the church!

Teacher: Margaret, I do think the situation in our church is getting to be serious. Shall we kneel and pray about it?

(*Margaret and Teacher kneel in the same place in which Peter knelt. The Angel enters to the music of "Träumerei." She has a modern Bible in her hand. Margaret and Teacher seem not to see the Angel who stands at extreme right.*)

Angel: What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common or unclean. For ye are all one in Christ Jesus. In Him there is neither Jew nor Greek, male nor female, Barbarian, Scythian, bond, nor free; but all are one in Christ Jesus.

Teacher: Do you remember the story of Peter and his vision on the housetop at Joppa?

Margaret: I remember that story well.

Teacher: Don't you think it is good to know that we are one in Christ Jesus? It is not really comfortable to be unfriendly and superior.

Margaret: I think you are right. It is strange that, after two thousand years, I should be just like Peter before he saw the vision, only worse. Did Peter ever think of leaving his church because Barbarians and Scythians were coming into it? It seemed to be the voice of an angel which spoke to us.

Teacher: It was an angel who read from the Bible the words that changed Peter's life.

(*Teacher and Margaret rise and stand centre front. The Angel comes close to Margaret and puts the Bible in her hands. The music changes to "The King's Highway." To this music the entire cast reënter. Peter takes his place at centre beside Margaret and Teacher.*)

Reader: Since Peter saw the heavenly vision at Joppa men of every tribe and nation have heard his story and have been learning brotherhood and friendliness. When

the Kingdom of God is fully come into the hearts of men, there shall be no more race contempt and hatred, no malice or war. The inequalities of wealth shall not divide the rich from the poor. The inequalities of race and caste shall not divide the high from the low. The inequalities of industry shall not divide the capitalist from the labourer. The inequalities of nations shall not divide the weak from the strong, but the whole family of mankind shall be one in Christ Jesus.

(*The cast and the choir sing:*)

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

"And an highway shall be there, and a way and it shall be called the Way of Holiness."

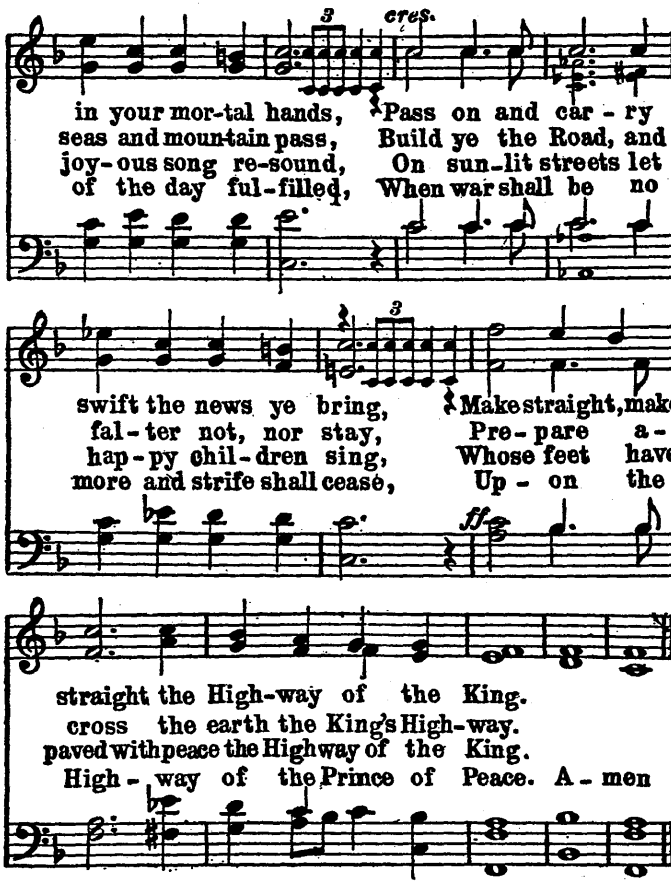
LAURA S. COPENHAVER — GEORGE W. WARREN

ff

Trumpets before each verse.

♩ = 100

Her - alds of Christ who bear the King's com-mands, Im - mor-tal tid-ings
Through des-ert ways, dark fen and deep mo-rass, Through jun-gles slug-gish
Where once the twist - ing trail in darkness wound Let march-ing feet and
Lord, give us faith and strength the Road to build, To see the prom-ise


3
cres.
in your mor-tal hands, Pass on and car - ry
seas and mountain pass, Build ye the Road, and
joy-ous song re-sound, On sun-lit streets let
of the day ful-filled, When war shall be no
3
swift the news ye bring, Make straight, make
fal-ter not, nor stay, Pre-pare a-
hap-py chil-dren sing, Whose feet have
more and strife shall cease, Up - on the
ff
straight the High-way of the King.
cross the earth the King's High-way.
paved with peace the Highway of the King.
High - way of the Prince of Peace. A - men

THE AVERAGE WOMAN'S DOLLAR

Characters

AVERAGE WOMAN: A young woman.
STEWARDSHIP: Either woman or man. If a man, use *"he"* and *"his"* for *"she"* and *"hers"* in the first speech.
CHRISTIAN: A young woman.

Average Woman: I am an average woman of the United States, a married woman with two children and an income of—well, I'm not quite sure what it is, but I know it is not enough to live on as *we* ought to live. But, small as it is, our church has been trying to get me to *budget* (horrid word, isn't it?). We have a person called by a disagreeable name, Stewardship Secretary, going around and giving lectures on how we ought to spend our money. It's easy for *her* to talk about budgeting. She gets *her* money paid regularly, while I have to get mine in dribs, just as I can beg, scold, and wheedle it out of my husband. Here she comes now, and I am sure she is going to talk to me about budgets.

(*Enter Stewardship.*)

Stewardship: How do you do? I have come to talk with you about budgeting.

Average Woman: I have been expecting you. They told me you are going around.

Stewardship: Are you satisfied with the way in which you are spending your money?

Average Woman: Perfectly. If I only had more of it to spend.

Stewardship: Do you object to telling me what your system of expenditures is?

Average Woman: Not at all. I—er—well—let me see. I spend—it's hard to tell you.

Stewardship: I have brought this pasteboard dollar, and if you will tell me how to divide it I will make it out for you.

(*She holds up Dollar No. 1 and pretends to be marking it as Average Woman talks. The dollar has previously been marked on the reverse side.*)

Average Woman: I'm very economical, I can tell you that. I don't keep an account of every penny I spend, but —let me see—well—divide the dollar just as I tell you and then you can see exactly what my plan is. In the first place, you understand, we must have a roof over our heads, and rents are simply awful. It's even worse if you try to own your own home and keep up insurance, repairs, and taxes and pay the interest on the money you borrowed to buy the house with. I cannot tell you offhand like this what we do pay for rent—sometimes more and sometimes less—but I'm sure you can tell from what I've said about how much to cut off for rent. Then, there is food. We must have three meals a day, and you know how men are about food. I always say that none of my family shall ever be reported for being undernourished, with delicatessen shops so close. I can always send one of the children over at the last minute for anything I want. It's hard to say exactly how much we spend

on food—sometimes more and sometimes less—but I'm sure you can form a good idea from what I've told you as to just what we do spend. And clothes! I'm a good manager, and I never expect to be a back number when it comes to styles. Cut off for clothes just about what most people spend, but remember that mighty few women get the good results I do for the money I put into clothes.

Stewardship: What about amusements?

Average Woman: We spend practically nothing on amusements—nothing worth mentioning. The only thing we do is to go to the movies, unless you'd call our trips in our car amusement. I think trips of that sort are a real necessity. And now I should like to see how my Dollar looks.

Stewardship (holding up Dollar No. 1): It looks rather scatter-brained, I think.

Average Woman: What is that slice cut out for?

Stewardship: Unaccounted for. I supposed that perhaps you gave that to the Church, although you did not mention it.

Average Woman: Perhaps I do. Yes; I am sure I give all that unaccounted-for part to the Church. The money goes somewhere, and I always give the children a penny or a nickel apiece for Sunday school—whenever we get up in time to start them off. (*Pause.*) You look as if you thought I ought to give more! Well, charity begins at home, I think.

Stewardship: If the Church depended on you for support it would cease to exist. Is there an *intelligent* Christian here who will tell us how *she* spends her dollar?

(*Enter Christian holding Dollar No. 2.*)

Christian: I shall be glad to tell you how I spend my dollar. I think my plan is intelligent; at least, I know just where every bit of my money goes. (*She holds up the dollar and points to the divisions as she speaks.*)

Shelter	20%
Food	30%
Clothes	20%
Savings	10%
Advantages (books, travel, amusements)	6%
Nonessentials	4%
Giving	10%

Average Woman: Do you mean that you really give away to the Church one tenth of your income?

Christian: Yes; that is what my husband and I do. By keeping an account of our expenses and putting the tenth aside regularly as it comes in we are able to give when and where we wish. We love to have a part in the great work of our church. In the city slums, in the mountains of the South, in India and Japan and China, our money is invested. We know the happiness of comradeship with Christians all over the world. We believe that we are helping to solve the problems of the East and the West. We know that we are obeying the command of Christ, "Go ye into all the world and teach all nations."

Average Woman: You are doing all this just by giving a tenth of your income?

Christian: Yes.

Average Woman: I cannot understand how you *began* giving away a tenth of your income.

Christian: There was a time, I confess, when our giving followed your—shall I say scatter-brained?—plan. But after we began to give *ourselves* to the building of God's Kingdom the rest came naturally.

Average Woman: I should think it would be like slavery to feel that you *must* give your money whether you want to or not.

Christian: That is just the point: we *want* to. We have deliberately decided that we *want* God's will to guide our lives. We know that without us His will cannot be wrought out in the world.

Average Woman: The fact is that I am half distracted most of the time, with rushing about for things I think I must have at the last minute, and while I do not understand everything you *say,* I love what you *are.* I want to have more peace and power. I want to get out of all the petty worries that tie me down and live with great and noble things, as you seem to be doing.

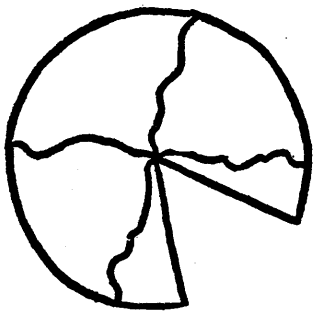
Christian: You may not get out of doing things that are called petty, but nothing will be really petty to you when you see its relationship to God's plan for the world. Tending or studying the "meanest flower that blows," giving a cup of cold water, helping a crippled neighbour to walk upright, making an old hat new again—all may be splendid if you see them in their relation to the Kingdom of God.

Average Woman: I think I begin to see what you mean. I realize that I have not been an intelligent, much less a Christian, citizen. Stewardship is a subject I have always shied away from, but I am beginning to see its relation to the Kingdom of God in my home and in my country.

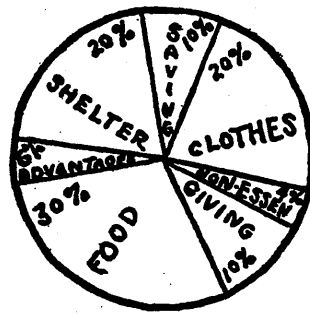
Stewardship: In your home and your country—and in *all the world.*

(*The lines of each of the characters may be pasted on the backs of the dollars so that no memorizing is necessary. This little play has been given without a single rehearsal.*

The Dollars should be made of white cardboard and should be about 29 inches in diameter.)



DOLLAR NO. 1



DOLLAR NO. 2

The author acknowledges with gratitude the helpful suggestions given by men and women who have presented this programme at summer schools: Lake Geneva, Wis.; Lakeside, Ohio; Wooster College, Ohio; Montreat, N. C.; Northfield, Mass.; Chautauqua, N. Y.

GOD'S FAMILY

A LITTLE PLAY SHOWING THE ONENESS OF HUMANITY

Characters

With Speaking Parts:
THE INTERPRETER: Man or woman. Reader's costume.
THE QUESTIONER: Man or woman. Ordinary dress of to-day.
THE AMERICAN WOMAN: Elegant dress of to-day. Costly furs.
THE NURSE: Uniform.

Without Speaking Parts:
NATIVE INDIAN PASTOR.
DEACONESS.
DOCTOR.
GOOD NEIGHBOUR.
BUSINESS MAN.

(*Interpreter enters from right with an open Bible in hand. Questioner from left.*)

Questioner: Is this God's family?

Interpreter: This is the earth. The people who live on it are God's family.

Questioner: Do you mean that you and I and all these people (*gesturing to both sides*) and all the people I see 'way out beyond (*gesturing to the East*), all of us are God's children?

Interpreter: Yes; God is the Father of us all.

Questioner: And are all of us sisters and brothers?

Interpreter: Yes; all of God's children are sisters and brothers.

Questioner: I see a group of God's children over there (*points to the East*). Some of them are very little children and they look thin and pale. What is the matter with them?

Interpreter: They live in India. They are crying because their mother cannot find food for them. They cry sometimes all night long because they are hungry. They never had enough to eat in all their lives.

Questioner: Surely some of their brothers and sisters will give them food! All God's children are not hungry, are they?

Interpreter: No; many of God's children have plenty of food all the year round, with large baskets of fragments thrown away after each meal. Many of God's children never suffer from hunger.

Questioner: I see another group of God's children. (*Points to the East.*) They are girls, young and pretty. But they, too, seem very sad. What is the trouble?

Interpreter: Those girls are working in a factory in China all day for twelve hours a day seven days in the week. They make only ten cents a day. They are already tired, although the day is just beginning. One of them has been to school for a little while, and she is crying because she wishes to go back to school instead of working in the factory.

Questioner: How much would it cost to send her to school?

Interpreter: Fifty dollars for the whole year.

Questioner: Surely some of her brothers or sisters have fifty dollars they could spare?

Interpreter: Yes; many of her Father's other children spend fifty dollars in one hour.

Questioner: Do you hear singing? I hear one of God's family who seems to be happy. He is singing. I can hear the words (*Sings:*)

"Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home!
Swing low, sweet chariot, coming for to carry me home!"

Interpreter: That is a Negro who is porter on a Pullman car. He is happy because he believes that the chariot of God will come to carry him to heaven, where all races will be one.

Questioner: I thought you said all races are in one family here?

Interpreter: I did say that.

Questioner: I see another child of God walking on the earth. She is bowed down with grief. What is the trouble?

Interpreter: Her son has been convicted of crime. He has been sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

Questioner: She is all alone. Why do not some of her sisters or brothers comfort her? Did you not tell me that she has many sisters and brothers on the earth?

Interpreter: Yes; she has many sisters and brothers. One of them is coming this way now. She is an American and she is very busy. There is a dinner party at her club. Her chauffeur is waiting outside for her.

Questioner: She must be wealthy. I will tell her about these brothers and sisters of hers.

Interpreter: She will not like to be detained. She is the hostess at the dinner party.

Questioner: But none of her brothers and sisters who will be at the dinner party are suffering from hunger, are they?

Interpreter: No; some of them have been told by their physicians to reduce the quantity of food they take. They are suffering from the effects of overeating.

(*Enter American Woman, walking briskly.*)

Questioner: May I speak with you a minute?

American: I am in a great hurry. You look as if you want to ask me for something, and I really have nothing to give anybody. Besides, I am due at my club, where I am giving a dinner party.

Questioner: But I want to tell you about your brothers and sisters.

American: I have only one sister and no brothers. You are mistaken. Be good enough to allow me to pass at once.

Questioner: But God is your Father, is He not?

American: I suppose so. Please do not detain me longer with silly questions.

Questioner: God's children are your sisters and brothers, are they not?

American: I have heard something of that sort. But now, I am sure you will excuse me since I am in such a hurry.

Questioner: Over there (*pointing to the East*) in India is a mother with six children who have never had

enough to eat. They cry all night with hunger. And yet they need only a small sum for food. And there is a sister of yours in China who works all day for seven days in the week for only a few cents. She is anxious to go to school. How much money have you in your hand?

American: Only a little. Let me see (*taking the roll of bills from her handbag*). Only five ten dollar bills. Barely enough to pay for the dinner at my club. Please let me pass at once.

Questioner: But fifty dollars will keep your sister in India, the mother with six children, from hunger for a long time. And it will send your little Chinese sister to school for a whole year.

American: I have heard that food is cheap in the Orient. I wish it were cheaper here in America. Prices are outrageous. I'm glad to have met you, and I may give you something for your poor people later on. Now, I really must go at once.

Questioner: But I'm not begging for the poor. I'm just telling you about your sisters and brothers, your Father's children, who are in such desperate need.

American: I really must go. Later on, perhaps, I shall see you again. My chauffeur is getting impatient.

(*The American goes out.*)

Questioner: I could not make her understand.

Interpreter: She does not want to understand.

Questioner: Do you think she will come back again to hear more about her brothers and sisters?

Interpreter: No; I think she will be too busy.

Questioner: But there is nothing in the world more important for her to be busy about than doing her Father's will, is there?

Interpreter: Nothing, but she prefers to have her own will worked out in the world rather than her Father's will.

Questioner: Did her Father give her the money she has?

Interpreter: The silver and the gold are His.

Questioner: I see someone moving among the groups over there. He is comforting the children of India and the girls of China. He is speaking with them, and they look happier. His hands seem hardened with toil, and he wears sandals. Is that a crown of thorns on his head? Is it the Lord Jesus Christ?

Interpreter: No; that is only one who follows in His footsteps, a native Christian pastor.

Questioner: Someone is speaking to the Pullman porter and to the mother whose son is a convict. She wears a black dress with white at the neck and wrists. She has her arm around the mother, and the mother is smiling.

Interpreter: She is a deaconess who has learned how to comfort people in trouble. She seems to know what to say and do when her heart is filled with sympathy.

Questioner: There is another who is talking with the people. She is coming this way.

(*The Nurse, the Native Indian Pastor, and the Deaconess enter.*)

Questioner: Others are coming.

(*Enter Doctor, Good Neighbour, and Business Man.*) Who are these?

Nurse: We are followers of Christ.

Questioner: Do you see your Father and talk with Him?

Nurse: Yes; whenever we give a cup of cold water to the thirsty in His name we behold Him. When we comfort the bereaved or give to our sisters or brothers in need we commune with Him. (*She then introduces the members of the group in turn.*) This is a Christian Physician. This is a Good Neighbour. This is a Business Man who loves his employees as he loves himself.

Questioner: Do you see your Father and talk with Him?

Nurse: Yes, we see Him because

> "We travel shoulder to shoulder.
> If a frail sister slip, we hold her;
> If a brother be lost in the strain
> Of the infinite pitfalls of pain,
> We love him and lift him again."

Questioner: Will the American woman who passed this way see her Father at the dinner party she is giving?

Interpreter: I do not think she will.

Questioner: Would she have seen her Father if she had given to her brothers and sisters in need and had ministered to them?

Interpreter: Yes; she would have seen her Father and heard His voice.

Questioner: Perhaps she will learn to know her Father better and to love Him.

Interpreter: Perhaps; and yet if she loves not her

brother whom she hath seen, how can she love her Father whom she hath not seen?

(*All sing together:*)

A Hymn of Serving Love

(*Tune: "St. Margaret"*)

O Thou Whose love didst stoop to feel
  Our weaknesses, our pain, and care,
O Thou Who didst the leper heal,
To us Thy selfless love reveal
  That we the gift may share.

Thou once didst hear the silent plea,
  Of her who touched Thy seamless dress
And came that instant whole and free.
Thou mad'st the sightless eyes to see
  And the dumb lips to bless.

Give us, we pray, Love's strength and skill,
  To set us free from selfish greed,
Submissive yearning for Thy will;
Wisdom divine our minds to fill,
  And eyes to see the need.

To human want and human woe,
  Thy love hath opened wide the door.
O let us feel the debt we owe
In self-denying faith to go
  Where Thou hast gone before!

—Laura S. Copenhaver.

This play has been previously published by the Woman's Missionary Society of the United Lutheran Church, by whose permission it is given here.

"FORBID THEM NOT"

A LITTLE PAGEANT FOR CHILDREN WHO WISH TO LEARN AND TO HELP OTHERS LEARN OF THE OPPORTUNITIES FOR WORLD SERVICE

Characters

FIRST CHILD.
MOTHER.
SECOND CHILD.
GROUP OF AMERICAN CHILDREN.
KINDERGARTEN TEACHER.
GROUP OF JAPANESE CHILDREN.
(Any other Oriental country may be selected instead of Japan.)
JAPANESE CHILD.

The children who have speaking parts should be old enough to have voices that carry well. Any number of children of any age desired may be used for the two groups.

(*A Mother enters with the First Child. They sit together, the Child on a low stool beside the Mother. The Mother holds a book which she shows to the child.*)

First Child:

Of all the pictures that I know
  I like this one the best,
Where Jesus holds the children close—
  So close up to His breast.
And some wear silk and some wear rags,
  And one of them is lame,
And some are white and some are brown—
  He loves them just the same.
He heals them and He blesses them;
  His arms are round them all,
His tender eyes look down on them;
  They hear His sweet voice call.
To-day He calls them as of old
  But many cannot hear.
I'd like to go, and to them all
  His loving message bear.

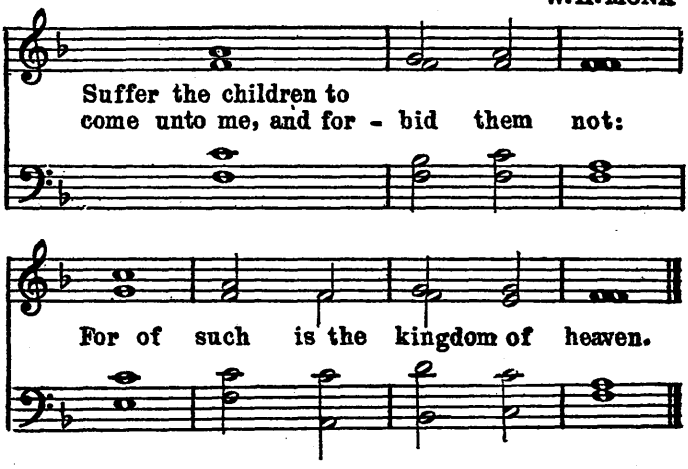
Mother:

When Jesus walked among men on earth
The multitude thronged about.
With hands that begged for healing and cheer
The mothers their children brought.
"Go back to your homes and trouble Him not,"
The frowning disciples cried.

The children fixed their eyes on His face
And closer pressed to His side.
"Suffer the children to come unto me,
And forbid them not," He said.
To-day He calls. Do the children hear,
Or are they far off, afraid?

(*The Choir chants, "Suffer the Children to Come Unto Me."*)

W. H. MONK



(*A knocking is heard at the door.*)

First Child: Someone is knocking at the door. Shall I open it?

Mother: Open the door if you can.

(*Child goes to the door and partly opens it. The sound of chimes and of children's voices singing comes in from without.*)

Mother:

"Hark! sounding from the dark,
Marvellously clear,
What bells are ringing?
What voices singing?"

(*The child throws the door open, and a group of children enter singing: "Innocents," "Thine Forever,*

God of Love," or any other children's hymn. They march centre front and sing the song through.)

American Child:

Out of fear and shadows grim
Bring the children all to Him.
We have come Christ's love to see,
For we know Him and are free.

(*A knocking is heard at the door. American Child goes to the door.*)

American Child:

They are knocking at the door,
Children here of every race.
Love and kindness they implore,
In Christ's kingdom, give them place.

(*Choir chants "Suffer the Children to Come Unto Me." First Child goes to the door.*)

First Child: The door will not open.

American Child: Who is keeping the door shut?

Mother: It must be Ignorance or Greed, forbidding the children to come.

Now, Ignorance, Greed, and Sloth stand by
And forbid the children to hear.
In high walls, that close them away from Him
They live in the darkness of fear.

(*The Choir chants "Suffer the Children to Come Unto Me, and Forbid Them Not."*)

First Child:

If Jesus should ask me a message to bear,
How proud and happy I'd be!
I'd not be afraid of the mountains so high,
I'd not be afraid of the sea.

I'd carry the message as straight as I could;
I'd tell it with love and with pride.
I'd not skulk in the darkness to keep from the task
Or try from my duty to hide.

Mother:

But Jesus *has* given a message to you
And earnestly told you to go.
He died on the cross; He has risen from death;
The truth of the story you know.

There is no one to tell it save those He has sent,
No angels to shout it afar;
No brush as of flame to write words on the sky;
No message of sun, moon, or star.

For with the disciples the message is left
Our lips are the lips that must speak.
We must go out afar on the King's Highway.
And there the lost children seek.

First Child: How can we go out afar on the King's Highway?

Mother: There are many ways of going. I cannot tell you all of them. God will help you to find out for your-

self. One way is this: to think about all the other children of the world and learn about what they do and what they want to do; to learn how they are shut off from knowing Jesus Christ. To find out how Love may reach them and help them. To give money to help send teachers who will open the door of the school to children who cannot read and write. To send books to children who have no books. To learn how to work and sing and play and love so that you will be able to share all the best things you have with other children. We must not forget that the key of Prayer will open all doors, no matter how tightly they may be shut.

First Child (*going to the door*): Someone is singing outside.

(*The door opens, and a Teacher with a Group of Kindergarten children from Japan enters to the music of hymn previously sung. "Thine Forever, God of Love," "Innocents," or whatever other hymn may have been selected. The Japanese group and the Teacher sing this hymn together standing centre front.*)

Japanese Teacher: The doors *have* been opened for us, and we are happy in knowing Jesus Christ and His love. We want to help open the doors for other children all over the world. We do not want any child to be forbidden by Greed or Ignorance or Indifference to come to Jesus.

Japanese Child:

We must open wide the door
  For all children everywhere;
We must tell them more and more
  Of the Master's loving care.

Out of fear and shadows grim
Let them come His love to see.
Bring the children all to Him.
Let them know Him and be free.

Mother:

There's a knocking at the door,
Who will let the children in?
There is weeping, sad and sore,
There are want and shame and sin.

Japanese Teacher:

"Suffer them to come to me,"
Jesus gently said of yore.
Who will set the children free?
Who will open wide the door?

Mother:

Out of fear and shadows grim
Let them come, His love to see.
Bring the children all to Him,
Let them know Him and be free.

All Children:

Let the children come to-day
As they came to Him of old;
Let us tarry not nor stay,
Bring them all into the fold.

(*The Choir and Children sing together: "All the Children of the World," page 25. If desired, groups of children of other nations may enter during the singing of this song. China, Korea, India, Africa, and any other nations may come in. All these groups should join in singing the chorus, "Tell Them of Jesus."*)

A PAIR OF SLIPPERS

A PLEA FOR A DEEPER UNDERSTANDING OF THE PROBLEMS OF INDUSTRY

This Pageant may be given as a Labour Day Programme

Characters and Costumes

*DÉBUTANTE: Dinner dress and bedroom slippers.
*INDUSTRIAL GIRL: Neat working dress.
COTTON PICKERS, MOTHER, AND TWO SMALL CHILDREN: Ragged clothes.
THREE FACTORY GIRLS: Shabbily dressed but not ragged or dirty.
JAPANESE GIRL: Kimono with *obi.*
FARM GIRL: Neat gingham dress with wide hat, heavy shoes.
SALES GIRL: Neat street costume.
DEPARTMENT STORE OWNER: Prosperous business man.
*FAIRY FRIENDSHIP: Light short dress of gauze. Wreath of flowers on hair. Wand in hand.
GIRLS OF THE NATIONS: National costumes of each country represented.

(*Only the four characters marked * have speaking parts.*)

(*Débutante enters.*)

Débutante: Where am I? Why am I dressed in this funny way—my new dinner dress and these old bed-

room slippers? Let me think. I was ready to go out wearing the slippers that match this dress. What happened? Now I remember! My slippers disappeared—suddenly—just like that! (*Snaps fingers.*) I looked down at my feet and my slippers were gone. I was so angry that I slipped on the first shoes I saw—my old bedroom slippers—and ran out to find the thief who had stolen my slippers right off my feet. I can't remember how I came to be here in the church. It's a strange place to look for a thief.

(*Enter Industrial Girl.*)

Industrial Girl: Do you really want to know where your slippers are?

Débutante: Of course, I want to know.

Industrial Girl: I can tell you.

Débutante: Are you holding out for a reward?

Industrial Girl: No; I don't want a reward—at least, not in money. Watch and you will see what is to happen.

Débutante: I most certainly shall watch, and if you know where my slippers are and refuse to tell I shall find a way to make you give them up.

Industrial Girl: Watch and see what happens.

(*Enter two little Cotton Pickers with their Mother. They carry raw cotton in their hands.*)

Industrial Girl: These children and their mother picked the cotton for your slippers.

Débutante: My slippers are not cotton.

Industrial Girl: They have a cotton lining.

Débutante: These babies are just as cute as can be. It must be fun to pick cotton outdoors all day " 'way down South in Dixie."

Industrial Girl: All day long in the hot sun, twelve

hours a day, they work with their mother. The baby in the family lies in a fence corner wrapped in an old shawl while the mother works. At night the mother goes home and cooks supper for the family. She is too tired to care what happens. The children sleep on the floor and eat out of a common pot. Are you sure you would find their life such fun?

(*Enter Factory Girl with a piece of cotton lining cut in the shape of the slipper lining.*)

Industrial Girl: Here is the cotton lining of your slipper. The girl who cuts it works all day in a factory.

(*Enter Japanese Girl with silk cut in slipper shape.*)

Industrial Girl: Here is the Japanese girl who works with the silk cocoons. Her fingers are red and sore because she takes the cocoons from water so hot that it burns and at last makes sores which are hard to heal.

(*Enter Farm Girl.*)

Industrial Girl: Here is the farm girl who tends the cattle from which the leather for your slippers comes. She milks the cows and feeds the pigs and sometimes works with rake and hoe beside the men in the field.

Débutante: I should love to live on a farm and stay outdoors all day, *seeing* poems instead of *reading* them.

Industrial Girl: This farm girl does not have much time for seeing poems or learning to read them. She is in school only five months of the year, and her teacher has six grades in one room. Although she is about your age, she is only in the fourth grade.

(*Enter Second Factory Girl with a slipper in her hand.*)

Industrial Girl: Here is the girl who sits all day at a machine in the factory, stitching.

(*Enter Third Factory Girl with a card of shoe buttons in her hand.*)

Industrial Girl: Here is another girl who fastens on shoe buttons all day long.

(*Enter Sales Girl.*)

Industrial Girl: This is the girl who sold you the slippers.

Débutante: Yes; she is the one! The bargain counter was crowded, and she brought me the slippers. Is *she* the one who stole them? She seemed to be crazy about them when she tried them on me. I've read that a lot of salesgirls steal. I read a story about one just yesterday. It was awfully hard to get her to confess.

Industrial Girl: This girl did not steal your slippers. Can't you see? Don't you understand? Look at all these people who have helped to make your slippers. Don't you realize that it is *they* who own your slippers, because they have worked for them while you have done nothing?

Débutante: I never heard of such an idea! Is *money* nothing? I *paid* for the slippers. Where is the owner of the store? And the owner of the cotton mill? And the silk mill? And the leather factory? Are you going to bring *them* here?

(*Enter Department Store Owner.*)

Industrial Girl: Here is the owner of the department store. I tried to get the mill owner and the factory owners here, but they say that their mills and factories are owned by stockholders who live far away. (*To the Department Store Owner*) This girl wishes to ask you a question.

Department Store Owner: I am very busy.

Débutante: I will keep you only a minute. I just want to know whether my slippers belong to me when I pay for them?

Department Store Owner: Certainly they do.

Débutante: This girl is trying to make me believe that they belong to the people who make them.

Department Store Owner: She is wrong: they belong to the people who *pay* for them.

Débutante: I am not sure which of you is right, after all. It does seem as if all these people who work so hard should have a share in what they make.

Department Store Owner: They are paid money for their work. What more do they want?

Industrial Girl: The girl at the bargain counter stood all day on her feet yesterday until she was so tired that she fainted last night going home on the subway.

Débutante: Those awful subways! I never ride on them.

Industrial Girl: Suppose you lived so far away you could not get to work any other way?

Débutante: I want my shoes! I paid for them and they are mine.

Industrial Girl (*as a gay tune is heard outside*)*:* The very same fairy who carried off your slippers is coming back.

Débutante: A fairy coming! I don't believe in fairies.

Industrial Girl: Here she is!

(*The tune becomes louder. The cast look expectantly to the entrance. The Fairy Friendship enters with a pair of slippers in her hand.*)

Industrial Girl: This is Friendship—the Fairy who carried off your slippers.

Débutante: How lovely she is! Did you really steal my slippers? I think you are beautiful. I cannot believe you would steal anything. Are those my slippers?

Friendship: No; these are not your slippers, but I have brought them for you to wear. I want to put them on your feet now.

(*Friendship kneels beside Débutante and helps put on the slippers.*)

Friendship: These are the slippers of Friendship. I want you to be friends with all these other girls.

Débutante: I want to be friends with them. What can I do? What do they want?

Friendship (*to the others*)*:* Tell her just what you want.

Industrial Girl: What *do* we want? Don't be afraid! Tell them just what you really want.

Child: Bread and 'lasses!

Child: Candy!

Cotton Mill Girl: A whole week to sleep, and then I want to learn to read.

Japanese Girl: Money for my father so that I can go back home and live with my mother.

Salesgirl: Better wages; shorter hours; plenty to eat; ten pair of slippers so that I can change when my feet are tired; a nice parlour to take my friend into.

Débutante: Did you ever hear of such silly wishes? I am not a fairy. I have no magic wand for granting these wishes. Can you grant them?

Friendship: Not all of them, all at once.

Industrial Girl: We might as well go home. Come, shall we go?

Débutante: Wait a minute, please. I am very uncom-

fortable. I shall not enjoy wearing my slippers again so long as you feel the way you do.

Industrial Girl: We don't want you to be uncomfortable any more than we want to be uncomfortable ourselves. Perhaps we had better go since we make you uncomfortable and cannot help ourselves.

Débutante: Please don't go! After all, the things you want are not silly. I could have every one of them if I asked for them. Is there nothing I can do? Don't go yet.

Friendship: There *is* something you can do.

Débutante: What is it?

Friendship: There is one thing which will bring all the other things.

Débutante: Tell me what it is.

Friendship: It is Friendship—Understanding. Believing that all these girls are just as good as you are. Wanting them to have the desires of their hearts, just as you want the desires of your heart.

Débutante (*going to Industrial Girl and putting her arm around her*): I do want to be your friend. I have been shut up in my own little world. I want to be a part of your world. I want to be friends.

* * *

Friendship: The circle of Friendship widens. The girls of the world have come to join hands with you, and each one of them wears the slippers of Friendship and carries the shoes of her own land in her hands.

(*Enter the Girls of the Nations. For each entrance a few bars of the National Hymn or song is played. The shoes are held high above the head of each girl and may be lifted and lowered rhythmically in time to the music.*)

Friendship: This is a maid from Holland, where a few girls still wear wooden shoes. This girl is from Spain, where slippers are made for dances in the open air. Here is a girl from France, where models wear the shoes that set the styles for the world. Here is a maid from Japan, the Sunrise land. And next her is a girl from the neighbouring empire of China. Here is an English girl, and a Scottish maid of long ago.

(*The girls stand in a semicircle, or group, with Débutante and Industrial Girl in the centre.*)

* * *

Friendship: Friendship carries each of you out of her own small caste into love and understanding with other girls. If your feet are shod with friendship you will know that so long as other girls in the world are without hope you have something to share with them; so long as they are ignorant you are not fully enlightened; so long as they are bound you are not free.

Department Store Owner: This is all very well and will be rather good for business, but so far as I can see you have not settled the problems of Labour and Capital.

Friendship: It is true that we have not settled the problems of Labour and Capital, but we know that if we think of these problems *together* with a willingness to coöperate, they *will* be settled with fairness to all.

Débutante (*to Friendship*)*:* Why did you bring me all the way to the church to find the Slippers of Friendship?

Friendship: The church is a place where social differences should be ignored. It should be a meeting place in which friends of divergent castes share each other's

hopes and needs; a place in which it is easy to realize that "No man treats Jesus Christ well who treats his brother wrong."

(*To any suitable music the cast goes out, Débutante and Fairy Friendship coming last.*)

If the pageant must be given in ten minutes the part between stars should be omitted. If each national hymn is played to the end and more nations introduced, the pageant will be long enough for an entire evening programme.

THE ROSE OF JOY

AN ALLEGORY OF MAN'S SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

Characters

MOTHER: The same person in the three episodes. A young woman made up to look slightly older in Episode two and much older in Episode three.

LITTLE BOY: About eight or nine years old.

YOUTH: A young man representing the same little boy grown older, and later representing the Man.

CHILDREN: Without speaking parts, bearing roses.

Directions, Costumes, and Properties

The *Mother* should be dressed differently in each episode, apparently growing older. Nothing ludicrous should be allowed in make-up or costume. She should be lovely even when white haired.

The *Youth* should be selected with the same colouring as the *Little Boy*. He need not change his costume when he represents the *Man*. Gray hair and a few lines on his face are enough to indicate maturity.

The roses may be natural or artificial. Beautiful roses may be made from Dennison paper. A small flashlight covered with red paper may be inserted in the two Roses of Joy, but this is not necessary.

Before the last episode the Mother enters with a vase of roses in her hand. She puts them on the table.

The coins may be made by covering copper or silver coins with gilt paint.

(*The Reader enters.*)

Reader: Men go searching in far countries for the Rose of Joy. Mothers wait for their sons to come home. Beside their doors, under their windows, they plant rose bushes. At night they sit with lighted lamps watching for their sons to come home. The glow of their lamps shines steadily across mountains and seas into city streets where men are bartering, going about with their pockets crammed with gold, buying and selling in the markets of the world.

(*A young Mother comes in from the right and examines a toy on the table. Little Boy runs in.*)

Boy: Mother! Mother, see what I have! All this gold money! (*Holds up money and lets it fall from one hand to the other.*)

Mother: This is the gold of Heart's Desire.

Little Boy: What shall I buy with it?

Mother: Whatever you want.

Boy: I want so many things. Let me think. Now I know! I shall buy the Rose of Joy!

Mother: The Rose of Joy?

Boy: It is the most wonderful rose in the world.

Mother: Yes; I have heard of it. It never fades because there is a flame in the heart of it.

Little Boy: I am going out and find it and buy it. If I find only one rose, I will keep it for myself, but if there are two roses I will bring you one, Mother.

Mother: Stay a little while. Perhaps I may go with you and help you find the Rose of Joy. But first I must go to see old Aunt Sarah, who is ill.

Little Boy: No; no; I cannot wait for you, Mother. I have the gold, and I must go now. Besides, even if I waited for you and we went together you would hold me back. You would always be stopping to tie up sore fingers. I shall go all by myself and be back in a little while.

(*Little Boy goes out. Mother holds the toy as if it were a baby and softly rocks, while the music of a lullaby is played.*)

Mother: Only yesterday I rocked him to sleep, and now he has gone out with his gold of Heart's Desire to search for the Rose of Joy. I wonder what bauble he will buy? Perhaps he may find the Rose itself. Perhaps he will come home defeated.

(*She walks to the entrance and stands as if peering out, while the music of the lullaby becomes softer.*

Little Boy comes in slowly with a faded rose in his hand.)

Mother (*going to him and kissing him*): Did you find the Rose of Joy?

Little Boy: No, Mother. I spent all my gold for roses, but they faded. This is the last one, and it too has faded.

(*Throws rose away. Puts hands over his eyes as if crying.*)

Mother (*putting her arms around Little Boy*): Come, dear, dinner is ready, and I have just what you like best, chicken and waffles! Don't cry. You will have another chance to buy the Rose of Joy.

(*Mother and Little Boy go out together. If there is a*

curtain it may fall here to show the lapse of time. No curtain is necessary, however, since the Reader explains.)

Reader: With his gold, the boy tries over and over again to buy the Rose of Joy. He finds many beautiful flowers. But as he grows older these no longer satisfy him. As he reaches manhood he casts them away, seeing that they are faded and worthless. Once again, he sets forth on his quest of the Rose of Joy.

(*Enter Youth. He jingles coins in his pockets and takes out other coins, pouring them from one hand to the other.*)

Youth: My pockets are full of gold. I am going out into the markets of the world and search until I have found the Rose of Joy. Then I shall spend all I have and buy it.

(*Enter Mother. Changed dress, slightly older.*)

Mother: Where are you going, dear?

Youth: See, Mother, I have my pockets full of gold! Do you remember that when I was a little boy I went out to try to find the Rose of Joy?

Mother: Yes, I remember.

Youth: But now I am a man. I have gold—much more gold than when I was a little boy. I shall find the Rose of Joy. If there is only one I shall keep it for myself, but if there are two I will give one to you, Mother dear.

Mother: Stay a little while, my son. I want to go with you, but perhaps I shall be too slow.

Youth: Of course you would be too slow, Mother. You remember you wanted to go with me before, but I knew you were too busy and too slow. Your hair is be-

ginning to turn gray, Mother. You could never keep up with me. You would only hold me back.

Mother: I will not ask you to take me with you, dear. But only that you do not go far from home.

Youth: It may be near, it may be far, but the Rose of Joy I must find.

Mother: Good-bye.

Youth: Good-bye, Mother. I shall be back again soon.

(*Youth goes out quickly. Mother goes out slowly in opposite direction. The concealed choir plays a lullaby. Or organist or violinist may play from Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song," while the Mother changes her dress and powders her hair or puts on a gray wig.*)

Reader: The Youth goes into the crowded markets of the world and finds bright-hued flowers blooming in the hands of sellers who noisily cry their wares. He buys, delighted with the colour and fragrance of the roses, until he has spent all his gold. In return he has a few faded and worthless flowers which he casts into the street. The years have passed, and he has lost faith in the existence of the Rose of Joy. A man, disappointed and restless still, he comes home once again.

(*Mother enters. She has gray hair and wears glasses. She has a bunch of roses in her hands which she puts on the table. She goes to the entrance and looks out. Man enters and Mother goes to him. They embrace.*)

Mother: Now, at last, I am happy. You have come home!

Man: Yes, Mother! But I have not brought you the Rose of Joy.

Mother: Did you find it?

Man: No, I have not found it. Outside in the dust of

the street as I came in, I threw the last of the roses for which I have bartered my gold. It was faded and ugly, although I had crossed mountains and seas and travelled into far countries to find it. Now, I have nothing left. My gold is gone.

Mother: Come, sit down beside me and let us talk together.

(*Man and Mother walk together down the platform. Music of "Home, Sweet Home." The Son stops at the table on which the bunch of roses rests. He examines them as the music grows louder and more joyous.*)

Man: Mother, Mother! Where did you get these roses? This one rose in the centre?

Mother: Those roses? Oh, they came from my old bush in the garden—the one that grows just under my window.

Man: Not that common old rose bush? You used to send me out with handfuls of roses to give away from that old bush. You remember when I was a little boy how I used to take them to old Aunt Sarah and to the hospital and the Children's Home. I remember one little boy who used to clap his hands whenever he saw me coming.

Mother: Yes, that is the very bush. It is still full of roses all summer long.

Man: You must have given away carloads of roses from that bush, Mother. Why the whole town must be full of them. And now, look! look! Mother! See here in the centre! Look into the heart of this rose! Do you not see the flame?

Mother: Yes, I see it.

Man: This is the Rose of Joy.

Man (*detaching a rose from the bunch and, if flashlight is used, being careful to keep his finger pressed on the light*): There is only one Rose of Joy! I wish there were two, so that I might have one, but this one is for you, Mother.

Mother (*takes the rose*): Yes, this is the Rose of Joy!

Man: It will bloom always for you, Mother. And it has been right here at home all the time!

Mother: Let me give you a rose from my bush, dear.

(*Mother takes another rose from the bunch and gives it to Man. If flashlight is used, he presses it so that the rose shows the flame in the centre.*)

Mother: See! You, also, have in your hand the Rose of Joy!

Man: Is it true? Does the Rose of Joy grow in our garden and not in any other?

Mother: I think that the Rose of Joy will grow in *any* garden.

Man: Why, then, could I not find it when I went in search of it?

Mother: You tried to *buy* it. Perhaps it can never be *bought*. Perhaps it must always be *given* away.

Man: I shall stay here always beside our own rose bush and find a fresh Rose of Joy every day.

Mother: No; you must take this Rose of Joy which you gave me and plant it in your own garden beside your own home. When it begins to bloom and you give the roses away, then your bush will bear for you the Rose of Joy.

Reader: Men buy baubles and cast them away; tinsel which entangles their feet; flowers that are thrown away and lie crushed in the mire. Always, they search

for the Rose of Joy. But it blooms for no man except in his own garden. And no one but the giver who gives until the bush seems bare ever stares with ecstasy to see the flame glowing in the heart of the Rose of Joy.

(*The choir and the cast sing together, "O Love Divine, All Love Excelling."*)

Music

The following musical score, or something similar, if properly played, adds greatly to the effect. If continued during the speeches the music should be very soft.

I. Entrance of Mother and Little Boy: "Hymn to Joy," arranged from Beethoven; or any joyous march.

II. Exit of Little Boy: Same as I.

III. Music while Mother sits waiting: "Lullaby," Brahms; or "Away in a Manger," Martin Luther; or the popular lullaby, "Rock-a-bye, Baby, on the Tree Top"; or "Sleep My Little Jesus," Geibel; or any other lullaby.

IV. Second Entrance of Little Boy: "Lucy"; "Saviour, Hear Us While We Pray"; or Macdowell's "To a Wild Rose."

V. Entrance of Reader: Same as IV.

VI. Entrance of Youth: Same as I.

VII. Exit of Youth: Same as I.

VIII. Second Reverie of Mother: Same as III. Or Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song." Part of it only to be played while Mother changes her costume.

IX. Third Entrance of Mother: "Home, Sweet Home." This music continues for the Entrance of Man, becoming joyous as Mother and Son embrace.

X. Discovery of Rose, Closing Tableau, and Exit of Cast: "Love Divine, All Love Excelling" (Beecher), Zundel.

An antiphonal or concealed chorus may sing III, VIII, IX, and X. If the pageant is to be given within ten minutes the musical score should be shortened.

THE STAR AND THE ANGEL

AN ALLEGORY OF CHRISTMAS TO-DAY

Characters

MARNA: A young woman or girl.

GRANDMOTHER: A well-dressed gray-haired woman.

SYRIAN (afterward the Angel): A young woman.

FIRST GROUP OF CHILDREN: Three or four from city slums or foreign quarter, handkerchiefs or shawls over their heads.

SECOND GROUP OF CHILDREN: Ordinary Sunday-school group.

NAT: A small boy.

JAPANESE GIRLS: From the silk mills. Any other nationality may be substituted.

MOTHER.

MOUNTAIN BOYS AND GIRLS: Four or five boys and girls, from ten to twenty years old, boys in overalls and girls in cotton dresses.

THREE WISE MEN: Representing a superintendent of the Sunday school, a returned missionary, and a Bible teacher.

TWO SHEPHERDS: Representing "Old Man Davis" in overalls, and an "electric light man."

ONE SHEPHERD: A woman, Daily Vacation Bible School Teacher.

Setting

The action takes place on the Highway. The background is of greens or of green cloth or paper. A manger is behind a screen. In it is an electric-light bulb wrapped in yellow paper. Above the manger an electrically lighted star is hung. A good star for the purpose may be made by any tinsmith. It should be cut from new tin with many points of different but symmetrical lengths. Through a hole cut in the centre an electric-light bulb may be placed. The star may be covered with artificial frost from the ten-cent store. If the church is not lighted with electricity a pasteboard star may be used and the words referring to the Star omitted.

Costumes

The costumes are so well known that no special description is needed here, except for the Syrian who afterward, by throwing off her veil, becomes the Angel.

Costume of the Syrian: A long white veil caught in the centre and fastened on the head so that it may be held together in front by the hand or a large pin, thus concealing the figure both front and back. Such a veil may be seen in Tissot's pictures of Jewish women. Under this veil is worn the costume of the Angel described under General Directions. After the Syrian has thrown off her veil and becomes the Angel the halo is placed on her head and six long streamers of gold tinsel are given her. The other ends of these streamers, in the closing tableau, are given to the members of the cast, who stretch them out and hold them so that the effect is of rays of light proceeding from the Angel.

(*The choir sings any well-known Christmas carol, such as "Joy to the World." During this singing the Angel enters from the right and the Star is lighted from behind the screen. The Angel stands in front of the screen under the Star. The singing ceases as Marna enters from the left and sees the Angel and the Star.*)

Marna: I have found the Star and the Angel. O beautiful angel, may I come to you?

(*The light goes out. The singing grows fainter and stops. When the light comes on the Angel has disappeared and the Star is concealed behind the curtain or screen.*)

Marna: The Star and the Angel have gone. I must find them.

(*Enter Grandmother.*)

Grandmother: Marna, I have lost my glasses. Won't you please look for them?

Marna: I'm too busy now. I am going to look for the Angel and the Star.

(*Call from outside, "Marna! Marna!" Enter Syrian.*)

Syrian: Marna, here I am!

Marna: Who are you?

Syrian: Oh, Marna! Don't you remember me? I took you down to the foreign quarter of the city, and you promised to come back and teach the class who wanted to learn English—the mothers with their babies. Don't you remember?

Marna: Oh, yes; I remember now. I loved those poor mothers. They seemed so anxious to learn and so happy when I promised to help them make dresses for their children.

Syrian: They are waiting for you. Some of them have come for you.

(*Enter three or four children of any desired nationalities. They stand before Marna and timidly hold out their hands. One tries to take Marna's hand, but she draws away.*)

Marna: I am going to look for the Angel and the Star. I cannot go with you. You must go back home, now.

(*The children go out sadly to the left.*)

(*Voices of another group of children are heard outside at right calling, "Marna! Marna!"*)

Marna: Who is that calling me?

Syrian: Can't you hear? Don't you remember? The children in your Sunday-school class. You promised to tell them a story.

Marna: Did I? I haven't time for them now.

(*A second group of children enter and run to Marna crying, "Marna! Marna!"*)

Child: Marna, we are so glad we have found you. We have been waiting for you a long time. You promised to give us a party and tell us a story.

Marna: I'm sorry, but I'm too busy! I am going to look for the Angel and the Star.

Child: Let us go with you. We want to see the Angel and the Star, too.

Marna: No, no; run on back home. You would scare the Angel away. You make so much noise.

(*Children go out sadly to right. Marna goes across platform to right. The Syrian calls from left.*)

Syrian: Marna! Marna!

Marna: Who called me?

Syrian: I called you. Don't you remember little Nat?

Marna: Who is little Nat, and why should I remember him?

Syrian: He is coming now—the crippled child—your cousin's child, you know. After his mother died you decided that you would go around to see him every few days. He seemed so lonely and begged you to come back.

(*Enter Nat on crutches.*)

Nat: Oh, Marna, I'm so glad to see you again! Won't you tell me another story and come back to my home and stay a long time?

Marna: I'm sorry, but I must go to find the Christmas Angel and the Star. I'm in a great hurry.

Nat: Please take me with you! I want to see the Angel and the Star, too!

Marna: You can't go with me. I intend to go very fast, and you are a cripple; besides, the Angel is so beautiful I don't want to frighten her.

Nat: Do you mean I might frighten her? (*Puts his face in his hands.*)

Marna: Don't cry, Nat. Here is another cripple. *She* will stay with you and tell you a story. (*Points to Syrian.*)

Syrian: Do you mean that I am a cripple?

Marna: Isn't a hunchback a cripple?

Syrian: Perhaps, but I can walk very fast; I can keep up with you in your search for the Christmas Angel and the Star.

(*Three or four Japanese girls enter.*)

Japanese Girl: Have you seen a beautiful Angel with a lovely bright star shining above her?

Marna: Yes, I saw the Angel and the Star. I am going to look for them.

Japanese Girl: We were sent here to look for the Angel and the Star. Is this a holy place?

Marna: Oh, no! this is not a holy place. Everybody passes here. It is a regular highway.

Japanese Girl: May we go with you to find the holy place where the Angel and the Star are? These are my friends from the silk mills. We have *just this one day* for finding the Angel and the Star. We work so hard, and we must not lose time to-day. May we go with you?

Marna: Please do not ask me to take you with me. You see this Angel is dressed all in white with a lovely halo on her head. She is an American angel, and your queer clothes might frighten her if we came near enough to see her.

(*The Japanese girls walk sadly to the back of the platform.*)

Marna: I must not lose any more time. I must go at once.

(*Voice outside calls, "Marna! Marna!"*)

Syrian: It is your mother. She is carrying a bowl of nuts.

Mother: Oh, Marna, I've been looking for you everywhere. You promised to pick out the nuts for the Christmas pudding.

Marna: Mother! I forgot about the pudding! We can do without the pudding, can't we? I am on my way to find the Christmas Angel and the Star. Please don't mention puddings to me now.

Mother: All the children and grandchildren expect a Christmas pudding, and your father will be disappointed if we don't have one.

Marna: It will be good for them to be disappointed.

Mother: Perhaps you are right. I think *I* shall go with you, Marna, and find the Christmas Angel and Star.

Marna: That would be fine—except that you have on your kitchen apron. You might frighten the Angel away. She is so lovely. And, besides, if *you* go, there will be no Christmas dinner at all. It's all right to do without pudding, of course; but not to have *any* dinner at all—that wouldn't seem just right.

Mother: No, I suppose not.

(*Mother goes out with bowl in her hand. Singing outside, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," etc.*)

Marna: Hush, be quiet! I hear singing outside. Is it the Angel singing?

(*Enter group of mountain boys and girls.*)

Mountain Girl: We are not angels. We were only singing an old song we learned at a meeting a long while ago when a preacher came across the Ridge and taught us in a singing school a while back.

Marna: You come from the mountains?

Mountain Girl: Yes; we are looking for the Angel and the Star. We have come to this holy place to find them.

Marna: This is not a holy place. Everybody passes here. It must be the busiest corner in the world. It is the highway.

Mountain Girl: Are you looking for the Angel, too? May we go with you? Will you show us the way?

Marna: I am looking for the Angel, but I cannot show you the way. I do not know it myself. I am going in search of some quiet, beautiful place where I shall see the Angel and the Star.

Mountain Girl: We also are searching. Shall we go together?

Marna: Oh, no! not *together!* I am sure I shall not find the Angel if I let *you* go with me. You see, I saw her once, just a little while ago, and she was so beautiful—all in white with a halo above her head. She could not stand to see rough and dirty people. I am sorry to leave you, but I must go at once. If I waste any more time I shall never find the Angel and the Star.

(*Marna goes to the extreme right where the Syrian is standing. The Syrian takes her arm.*)

Syrian: Marna, wait. The Three Wise Men are coming.

(*The three men walk slowly in single file as the choir sings: To tune of "St. Thursa."*)

"From the Eastern mountains, pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom, to His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion, hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward, guided by a star.
Light of Life that shineth, ere the world began,
Draw thou near and lighten every heart of man."

Marna: Three Wise Men? Whatever put that into your head? They are only the superintendent of our Sunday school, and that missionary home on furlough from India, and Mr. Mason, who teaches the Bible. Why in the world did you think they were the Three Wise Men coming?

(*The Wise Men walk slowly across the platform and stand at centre back. Marna goes hastily to the left and waves her hand.*)

Marna: Good-bye, I must not lose another minute. When I find the Angel and the Star I will come back and tell you about them.

Syrian: Listen, Marna. The Shepherds are coming.

(*Enter two men and a woman walking slowly as the choir sings:*)

"While Shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.
'Fear not,' said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind.
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.' "

Marna: These are not shepherds. How could you think so? They are only old man Davis, the hired man at Grandpa Ristine's farm, and one of the electric light men who climbs the poles when something is wrong with the lights. And one of the table factory men with his dinner pail. What in the world made you think they are shepherds?

No matter what made you think such a queer thing, I cannot stay to listen or to see any more people! When I have found the Angel and the Star I will come back and tell you about them.

(*Marna goes out at the left. Choir sings:*)

"There's a beautiful star, a beautiful star
That weary travellers have followed afar,
Shining so brightly all the way
Till it stood o'er the place where the young child lay.

Star, star, beautiful star,
Pilgrims weary we are
  To Jesus, to Jesus.
We follow thee from afar."

(*While the choir sings, the Three Wise Men draw aside the screen or curtain and the manger or cradle is revealed. Inside the manger is an electric-light bulb wrapped in yellow paper. The light is seen in the cradle, which has soft covers on it but no baby within. Beside the cradle Mary may sit. Above the cradle the star now shines. The Syrian stands beside Mary. Many of the cast fall on their knees. All assume an attitude of worship, and they look at the star and the manger. The children gather near the cradle or manger and sing "Away in a Manger."*)

"Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the sky looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay."

(*As the singing stops Marna enters slowly and falls on her knees. She remains kneeling while the second stanza is sung.*)

"The cattle are lowing, the poor Baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle to watch lullaby."

(*Marna and the others who are kneeling rise as the singing ends.*)

Marna: It was so dark and cold outside. I heard the

singing and I came back. *You* have found the Star! And yet they said it would appear in a *holy* place.

Syrian: This is a holy place, because everybody passes here.

Marna: But where is the Angel?

Syrian: Why do you want to find the Angel?

Marna: I want to find the Angel because she is more beautiful than anyone else I have ever seen.

Mountain Girl: I want to find the Angel because life is so hard and the Angel can make it better.

Grandmother: I want to find the Angel because she will teach me the peace that passeth understanding.

Japanese Girl: We want to find the Angel because, after our days of toil, the Angel will be so beautiful on this *one day!*

Nat: I want to see the Angel because of Heaven where my mother is and where angels' wings flash beside the Great White Throne.

Syrian: This is a holy place where men have come to seek the vision of the Eternal. Here, waiting in the glory of the star, beside the manger of the Child, behold, love comes into our hearts, and we who once were blind now see the glory of each common day, and we who once were deaf now hear the melodies of Heaven.

Marna: But where is the Angel?

Syrian: Here I am, Marna.

Marna: You! A Christmas Angel?

Syrian: I am the Angel you first saw.

Marna: That cannot be. You are a Syrian—some sort of an Oriental—I'm not sure just what sort.

Syrian: I am from Palestine, where the first Christmas Angels appeared.

Marna: I remember—there *were* angels in Palestine in those days.

Syrian: Did you think there were angels in Palestine *before* Christ came, but *afterward* they all left and went to America?

Marna: But you are a hunchback!

Syrian (*throwing aside her long coat and extending her arms so that the long sleeves give the effect of wings*): No, I was never a hunchback; you only thought I was.

(*She stands with uplifted arms centre front under the light of the Star. Choir sings "Silent Night! Holy Night!" As the singing continues the Japanese girls gather the ropes of silver or gold tinsel and give them to the members of the cast, who stand so that the ropes look like rays coming from the wrists of the Angel. The Japanese girls take the handkerchief from Syrian's head and put the Halo on the Angel's head.*)

Angel (*standing centre front*): All the world on Christmas night lies in peace under the light of the Star of Bethlehem. All peoples and races of the earth are one in His name to-night. The common meeting places of mankind are holy because of the presence of the Holy Child; and in Him we find the eternal beauty that is beyond all created things, the peace that passeth understanding, and the love that shall endure when the stars are dark in the sky—a flame burning in the light of eternity.

The music for the Christmas hymns is found in nearly all hymn books. Other hymns may be substituted or added. If the pageant is to be given in ten minutes all singing must be omitted.

THE CHILDREN'S FIRST EASTER

Characters and Costumes

CHILD (American): Any age; either boy or girl. Good speaking voice. Dress of to-day.

MISS ALICE: Young woman; dress of to-day.

MIRIAM: Kimono of dark red with striped sash and pale blue head drape.

MARY AND OTHER JEWISH GIRLS: Shorter dresses than Miriam's with sashes of contrasting colours, and head drapes for the larger girls.

REUBEN, JOHN, AND BENNIE, and any other Jewish boys: Knee-length tunics with sashes. A turban for Reuben.

MARY MAGDALENE: Costume described at the close.

MARY, THE MOTHER OF OUR LORD: Soft light blue robe with lavender sash and long head drape of lavender or pale blue.

(*Enter Child and Miss Alice to the music, "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old." The Child sits with a Bible in his or her hand, at extreme left front on low chair, with Miss Alice seated beside him* [*or her*].) *Child* (*singing*):

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
(*Eyes fixed on the Bible as if reading.*)
When Jesus was here among men,

How He called little children like lambs to His fold,
(*Bible on lap, hands extended in invitation.*)
I should like to have been with them then.
(*Hands clasped together and head uplifted in yearning.*)

"I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
(*Hands held up and gently lowered as if in blessing.*)
His arms had been thrown around me,
(*Arms in gesture of embrace.*)
And that I might have seen His kind look when he said,
'Let the little ones come unto me.' "
(*Arms outstretched in gesture of invitation.*)

Child (*placing the Bible on Miss Alice's lap*): There must have been a great many children who came to Jesus. Do you think there were a great many, Miss Alice?

Miss Alice: There were so many children that the disciples felt that they annoyed Jesus and wasted His time. So the disciples tried to make all the children go away, but Jesus called the children to Him and wanted them to stay and to bring other children to Him.

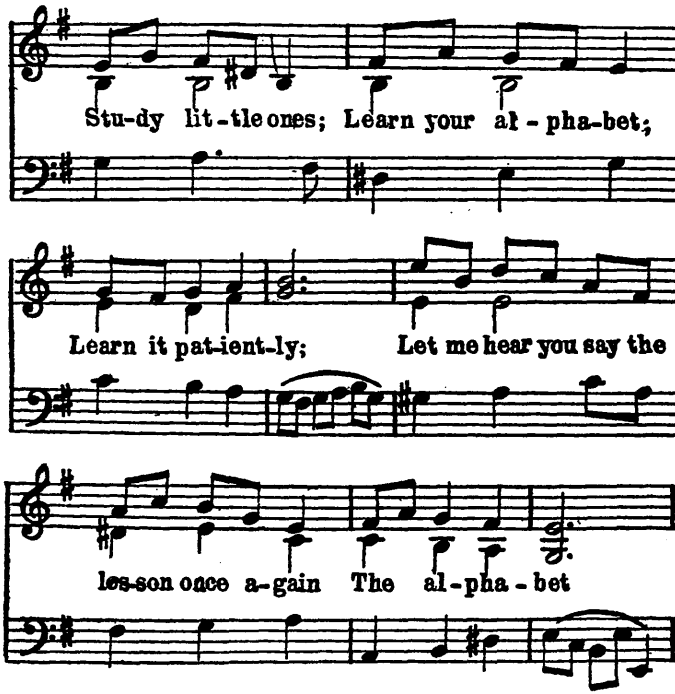
Child: What sort of children were they in those days? Just like me?

Miss Alice: Just like you. Some of them did not dress as you do and some of them had skins of a different colour from yours.

Child: I wish I could have seen them and been with them. (*Puts head on Miss Alice's lap and closes eyes as if asleep. Miss Alice sings a lullaby.*)

(*Music of Jewish folk song to which the children*

enter, Miriam leading, Reuben and the others following, skipping in time to the music. They sing together:)



Translated by Elias Lieberman, reprinted from *Folk Songs of Many People,* by courtesy of G. Shirmer, Inc.

Miriam: Did Jesus call you to Him?
John: Yes, He did! And He put His hand on my head.
Reuben: He smiled right at me.
Bennie: He took me right up on His lap!
Mary: He put His arm around me.

Miriam: The disciples tried to make you leave, didn't they?

John: Yes; they were bad men, but Jesus told them to be quiet and let us stay.

Reuben: Those bad men scolded me, and one of them tried to push me away.

Miriam: What did Jesus say? Can't you remember His words?

John: Yes, I can remember; He said, "Suffer the children to come unto me and forbid them not."

Mary: He said more than that. He said the most wonderful words.

Miriam: What were the words?

Mary: He said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

John: Yes, that is what He said—and He was talking about *us*.

Reuben: I am never going to be bad again and fight you, Mary.

Mary: I never, never will scratch and kick you again, Reuben. I am going to be like the Kingdom of Heaven always.

Bennie: I am going to be a good boy all the time.

Miriam: Come, let us go out under the trees, and I will tell you a story.

(*The children go out together. The lights grow dim. A concealed choir sings, Passion Choral, "O sacred head now wounded," Hassler. The same group of children without Miriam enter and huddle together as if frightened. After the singing stops, Miriam enters.*)

Miriam: Don't you know me? I am Miriam, who used to tell you stories last summer. You are frightened. We are all frightened—all of us who love Jesus. He has been

crucified. He lies in the tomb where they put him on the dark night before the Sabbath. To-day is the first day of the week, and Jesus is dead in the tomb of Joseph.

John: Who crucified Him?

Mary: Who crucified Him? Was it the bad men who tried to run us away from Him?

Miriam: No; it was not the disciples. They are not bad men. They loved Him. They only wanted to take care of Him when they tried to make you leave Him.

John: Did they try to save His life and keep Him from being crucified?

Miriam: No, no, they all forsook Him and fled, but they are very sorry now. I met two of them on their way to His tomb. Would you like to go and see where they have laid Him? A great stone lies across the sepulchre.

Mary: I could not bear to see Him dead! Let us not go!

John: Come on. I want to see what they have done to Him! Let us go!

(*Enter Mary Magdalene.*)

Miriam: Here is Mary Magdalene, one of those who loved Him. Why—she looks *happy!* I thought she would be weeping.

Mary Magdalene: The first day of the week, early this morning, I came while it was yet dark to the sepulchre and saw the stone rolled away. Then I ran and came to Simon Peter and to John, whom Jesus loved, and said unto them: "They have taken the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid Him." Peter and John ran both together and John did outrun Peter and came first to the sepulchre, and stooping down, and looking in, he saw the linen clothes lying, yet

he went not in. Then cometh Simon Peter following him and went into the sepulchre and seeth the linen clothes lie and the napkin that was about the head of our Lord. Then went in John, and he saw and believed. For as yet we knew not the Scripture that Jesus must rise again from the dead. Then Peter and John went away unto their own homes. But I stood without the sepulchre weeping. And as I wept, I stooped down and looked into the sepulchre, and I saw two angels in white sitting, the one at the head and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they said unto me: "Woman, why weepest thou?" I said unto them: "Because they have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him." And when I had thus said I turned myself back and saw Jesus standing and knew not that it was Jesus. And Jesus said unto me: "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" And supposing Him to be the gardener, I said unto Him, "Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him and I will take Him away." Jesus said unto me: "Mary." I turned myself and said unto Him, "Rabboni! Master!" And He said unto me: "Be not afraid; go tell my brethren." I ran and told these things to the apostles. And my words seemed as idle tales. They believed me not.

Miriam: We believe.

John: Jesus is risen!

Reuben: Will He take me on His lap again?

John: We shall hear His voice again! Perhaps He will put His hand on my head again and talk to us!

(*Enter Mary, the Mother of Jesus.*)

Miriam: His mother is coming! Her hands are full of flowers. She looks very happy.

Mary the Mother: I have brought you flowers because He loved you. I was taking them to put on His tomb, but now that He is risen I want the children to have them. These are for you! (*Gives flowers.*) And you! (*Gives flowers.*)

Mary Magdalene: He told us to go and tell.

Mary the Mother: Yes; we must go and tell that He is not dead! He is risen!

Mary Magdalene: He is not dead! He is risen!

(*Concealed choir; singing. Any Easter hymn, or the solo, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth."*)

Miriam: Come, let us go and tell that Jesus is not dead. He is risen!

(*Miriam and the children go out.*)

Child (*waking*)*:* I dreamed the most wonderful dream about the children who lived when Jesus was on the earth and about how Jesus rose from the dead.

Miss Alice: I know. I dreamed the same dream. Do you remember what Mary said to the children?

Child: Yes: "Go and tell." I want to tell the good news. How shall I tell? Where can I go? Everyone around here knows that Jesus is risen.

Miss Alice: Many people right around here do not know it in their hearts, and many people do not believe it in their hearts. Every time you love people and do something for them in love you tell that Jesus is risen. Every time you are happy because you love Jesus you tell of Him.

Child: There are people in other countries who have never heard the name of Jesus. How can I tell them?

Miss Alice: You can pray for them and love them and

give your money to help build schools and churches where they may learn of Jesus.
Child:

"Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go.
(*Clasps hands in prayer.*)
And ask for a share in His love.
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.
(*Hands stretched up and head uplifted.*)

"But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
(*Head bent down and hands in gesture of despair.*)
Never heard of that heavenly home.
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
(*Hands outstretched to East and West, North and South.*)
And that Jesus has bid them to come."

(*Miss Alice and Child go out to the music of this hymn.*)

Directions for making the costume of Mary Magdalene copied from May Paisley Harris's play *The Resurrection:*

"Cut full length kimono dress of dark blue. Shape neck and under arms. Cut half a width of the blue material in length, the distance from under arm to ground. Sew 2½ inch stripes of red and yellow, so that the stripes run red, yellow, blue, yellow, red. Cut in two along diagonal from upper left to lower right. Insert each triangular piece at under arm, down sides of gown. Sash of bright red.

"Head Kerchief: Soft cheesecloth, 1½ yard, draped across forehead, caught back at temples, one end longer than the other, crossing under chin and falling over opposite shoulder. Over this a loose drape of black or blue cheesecloth or mosquito netting."

The sashes for the Jewish costumes should all be pinned at one end at the side at the waist line or a little below, and wound tightly below the waist, the loose end being tucked at last under the bottom of the sash.

For these costumes, study Tissot's pictures, or illustrated Bibles, or Sunday-school picture cards.

If desired, a large curtain of gauze or mosquito netting may be stretched across the platform. The Child and Miss Alice may be in front of this curtain and the other characters behind it. This is not necessary, however, and is troublesome to arrange in some auditoriums.

MOTHER

A MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAMME

(*The organist plays softly "Home, Sweet Home." The Leader enters to the music which continues softly while he speaks.*)

. . *Leader:* At only one time did Jesus ever speak a word which seemed like self-pity. That was when he said: "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." This emphasis on the loneliness of his homeless state shows more plainly than any eulogy of home could do, the high valuation He placed on the home. The Mother, whom we honour to-day, is the maker and the centre of home life. As we make our hearts quiet in this moment for memories of our mothers, let us try to think more clearly than we have done before of the debt we owe.

(*Enter Reader.*)

Reader:

The unkindness of enemies, the deceit of friends
Are bitternesses I have known.
More than all other bitterness is the defeat
Of the soul from within.
I have known hesitation;
Two ways seemed equally good to me, and yet my soul knew
There must be a high and a low.

I have known the pain and weakness of self-pity.
I have known the deep unrest of worry.
Doubt has fastened its fangs on me.
Why then do I face life to-day with courage and hope?

The hands of faith uphold me,
Courage streams into me through their finger tips:
My mother's hands are strong.
The hurry of the world passes me by and I am at peace,
The fever of my blood is calmed:
My mother's hands are cool and gentle.

A flash of light shines steadily on my path,
I see two ways and know which is high and which is low:
My mother's eyes are clear.

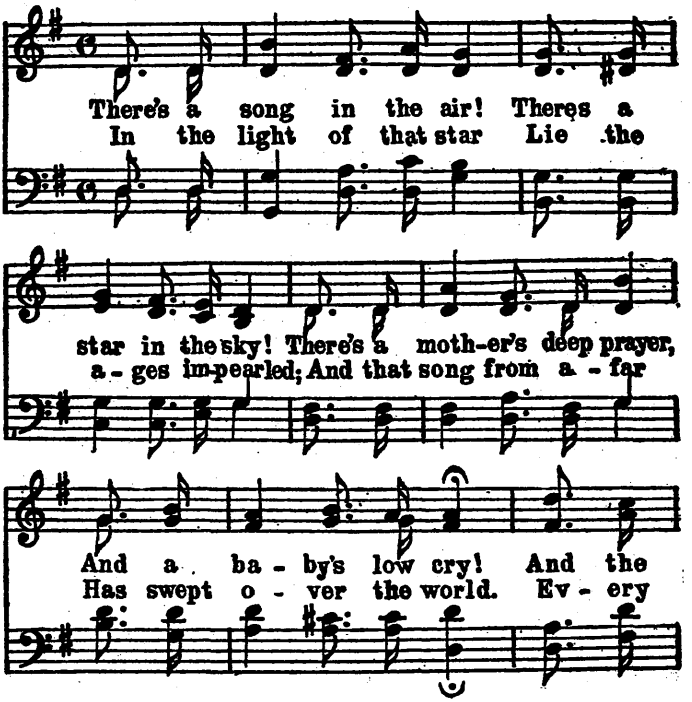
I take up my work with joy, no longer sorry for myself;
My work possesses me utterly, and I know the joy of creation:
My mother's hands are rough with daily household tasks.

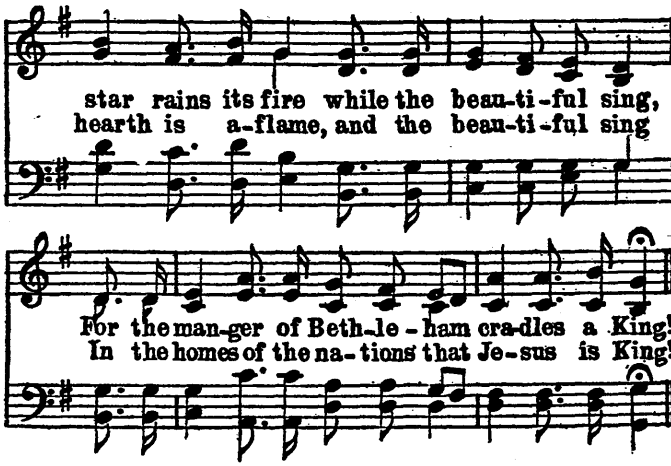
Softly like a bird song out of the green shadows of the tree
Love enters my heart and stirs me
To the rapture in the heart of the rose,
To the pink growing red on the skin of the apple in June:
My mother's life, with the beauty of colours
Out of paint tubes splashed on canvas,
Paints for me Love—creating all things, dwelling in all things.

The colours on the canvas of my mother's life.
Illumine the dark corners of my thoughts.
Looking at the canvas, I understand
Faith and courage and joy in work
And love—and God.

(*Solo: "There's a Song in the Air," J. G. Holland, J. F. Ohl.*)

THERE'S A SONG IN THE AIR





Reader: On this Mother's Day let us reënter our homes with the prayer that they may be palaces for the King who was cradled in the manger of Bethlehem and that in them His beauty may abide.

Leader: What gifts shall we bring you, O Mother? You sit within the house. The children play around you showing off. "See, how high I can throw this ball!" "Watch me draw this picture of a bird!" they cry and thus they grow shaped by your praise or blame. You walk about the house. You hang a picture on the wall. You set this child a task and give another one a book and thus you build a home within four walls of wood or stone. What gifts shall we bring you, O Mother?

(*A girl comes to the platform with three flowers.*)

Reader: We bring you Love (*Girl puts red flower in vase*) so that you may shut the door of your home on

Envy, Distrust and Hate. We bring you Wisdom (*Puts white flower in vase*) so that you may know the semblance from the reality. We bring you Hope (*Puts yellow or pink flower in vase*) so that the dark places where Heart-Break and Pain lie in wait may be passage-ways to beauty and joy for all who dwell within your home.

Reader: Let us sing together the old hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers."

A THANKSGIVING PAGEANT

Characters and Costumes

READER: The usual costume. Or, if desired, the Reader may impersonate Gratitude and wear a long robe of white, red, or yellow. A lighted torch, made by covering an ordinary flashlight with yellow paper, may be carried.

SPRING: Robe of light green gauze. Wreath of green leaves on hair. A rope of violets or daisies may be worn across one shoulder.

FIRST FLOWERS: Two or more little children. Costumes of paper or any light material. (*Directions for making all paper costumes may be obtained from Dennison Paper Co., 220 Fifth Ave., New York City. Send 10 cents for booklet.*)

BUTTERFLIES: Two or more little children. Paper costumes.

AUTUMN LEAVES: Two or more little children. Paper costumes.

ROSES: Two or more little children. Paper costumes.

SUMMER: Robe of rose-coloured gauze or cheesecloth or silk. Wreath of full-blown roses or gay flowers on hair. Basket with flowers.

AUTUMN: Robe of brown or dark red or purple cambric on which autumn leaves have been sewed. These

leaves may be real or paper imitations. The cambric may be painted with autumn leaves. Tray or basket with grapes, apples, ears of corn, and wheat.

WINTER: Under-dress of white cambric with mantle of white on which cotton has been sewed. Diadem of brilliants. (This may be made from glass beads.)

SCIENCE: Robe of gray or dark blue. In her hand a chemist's retort with red or green liquid.

INDUSTRY: Man in overalls. Coils of wire on shoulder. Tools in hand.

BEAUTY: Robe of rose gauze. Bands of rose on hair.

LOVE: Long flowing robe of soft material, such as thin silk crêpe or cheesecloth, blue, or white and gold. Gold crown.

(*The groups of children in the pageant may consist of from two to twelve children in each group. While the costumes are beautiful they are inexpensive and not troublesome to make.*)

(*The Reader enters while the organ plays "Neander."*)

Reader: Let all the earth and sky and sea on this Day of Thanksgiving praise the Creator and Preserver of the Universe. Let the Seasons appear and give thanks.

(*To the music of "Neander," Spring enters with First Flowers.*)

Reader: For Spring, crowned with green leaves and the joy of opening flowers, we give thanks.

(*Spring and First Flowers sing together to the tune "Neander":*)

Come and with all Nature praise Him,
  Let us with one voice adore.
Joy in flower, and bird, and ocean,
  Field and forest, sea and shore.
Praise His wisdom, praise His might,
Giver of immortal light.

One Violet:

We are the flowers of Springtime,
  While soft breezes blow,
Stretching skyward, stretching sunward,
  Happily we grow.

Reader: In the sunshine and the rain of Spring, I know you love to grow, but when Summer comes and you fade and die, do you still sing so happily?

One Violet:

We do not fade in Summer.
  Her rosy feet we bless.
She brings the earth new beauty,
  She brings us happiness.

(*Enter Summer with Butterflies and Roses, to the tune "Neander." They sing together the stanza previously sung by Spring and First Flowers, beginning: "Come and with all Nature praise Him."*)

One Butterfly:

In the honeysuckle's bloom,
  In the heart of the rose,

By the bush and the flower,
  By the brook as it flows,
We flit in our freedom,
  On the breeze as it blows.

Reader: Gay little Butterflies, you must have a happy time while Summer is with you, but when she leaves you, I should think you would be very unhappy. You cannot live in the icy winds of winter.

One Butterfly:

The winter winds are coming,
  And coldly do they sigh.
But snugly wrapped on leaf and bough
  Our cocoons cannot die.

One Rose:

We are the roses of summer,
  While soft breezes blow,
Stretching skyward, stretching sunward,
  Happily we grow.

Reader: While Summer is with you, I know that you are very happy. But when the biting cold of winter comes which freezes you stiff, will you be singing so gaily?

One Rose:

We do not die in winter!
  Close shut in the earth,
Roots and bulbs and tubers—
  Springtime brings re-birth.

Gratitude: Come, Autumn, golden with the harvest of man's hopes, radiant with the hues of sunset.

(*Autumn enters with Autumn Leaves.*)

Bring with you the fruits of the earth to be stored for man's delight.

(*Autumn and First Leaves sing together the stanza beginning: "Come and with all Nature praise Him."*)

One Autumn Leaf:

By fields of yellow harvests,
We grow and sing God's praise,
In hues of deepening beauty
Through golden autumn days.

Reader: Beautiful are you, O Autumn, with the fruits of the earth in your arms, and you, little Leaves of Autumn, are radiant with beauty and joy. But how will you feel when winter comes in snow and ice?

(*Enter Winter with Snowdrops.*)

One Snowdrop (to Autumn Leaves):

Here we come, Snowdrops, Snowdrops!
You will catch your death.
If you do not hide away
From our icy breath!

Autumn Leaf:

We are not afraid of *you!*
When we fall to earth,
Life flows on in trunk and branch.
Springtime brings rebirth.

Reader: All Nature sings in varying keys its hymn of joy in life: Spring with its First Flowers! Summer radi-

ant with full-blown roses! Autumn golden with harvest! Winter covering with white beauty the dark stains of earth! Through all the changing seasons Nature rejoices. What has man to say on this Day of Thanksgiving? Does he, also, sing a hymn of praise?

(*Enter Youth.*)

Youth: The earth is man's; the sky is man's; the air and all that is.

Reader: Is this all? Is there no more for man's delight than the gifts of the changing seasons?

Youth: Yes, there is more. Man is master, not only of what God has given him but of what he has himself achieved. Behold where Science comes! It is she who has led man in his conquest of the earth and air and sea.

(*Enter Science.*)

Youth: Science has laid at man's feet the mysteries of creation. From the earth and the air she summons a legion of inanimate slaves to do his bidding. She challenges the universe and brews from its mighty chalice the wine of new power for Man, her master.

(*Enter Industry.*)

Youth: Industry also is the servant of man. In a second of time she flashes his words around the earth. With her finger she lifts for him the weight of mountains and builds machines to bear him over the seas and through the air. She weaves, with the threads of labour, a magic carpet that brings for him from the ends of the earth luxuries more pleasant than fruits from the garden of the gods.

Reader: Is this all? Is there no more?

Youth: Why should man desire more?

Reader: Man finds that in spite of his mastery of the

Seasons, of Science, and of Industry, he cannot order life as he would. Nature ravages with flood and fire. Industry may show him the way to wealth, and Science may prolong his life a few years. But neither Industry nor Science can avert Death. Why should man be thankful when it is his fate to be conquered in the end by the great enemy of his race—Death?

Youth: Behold, I will summon one who ministers to the immortal spirit of man so that he forgets all defeats and ignores the last great enemy of his race—Death.

(*Beauty enters.*)

Beauty, the best gift of God, the divinity who triumphs over the tragedies of Nature!

Reader: You speak only half truths. Beauty *is* one of God's best gifts to man, but even as he clasps her to his heart, he sees her face grow haggard and ugly. She is herself conquered by one stronger than herself. Beauty thus becomes a dream lighting man's pathway but flitting ahead of his unappeased longing.

(*Love enters.*)

Here is the one who alone can give you the answer to man's complaints against the tragedies of Nature and the disappointments of life.

Youth: Who is this? I have not summoned her.

Reader: Yet it is she who brings the answer to your questions. Through all the universe, she is the "law whereby we reach the peace that is not death, but the triumphant harmony of life—immortal Love."

Youth: She is very fair. If you are right, it is with her that I must seek the answer to my questions. (*Youth approaches Love.*) I come to you, O Love, to learn the

best of life and the answer to man's fears of suffering and death.

Love: In God is the deep source of unending joy, for God is Love. The Creator of the universe, who commands the earth and the seas, is in every leaf that blows. In all love, whether of man for woman, of mother for child, of friend for friend, in the great laws of science and of industry, in every small event of our lives, God moves in harmony with the unchanging law of the universe, which is not Death but Life and Love.

Reader: On this Day of Thanksgiving we give thanks to the Giver of gladness in Nature for the changing Seasons; for the gifts of Science and Industry; but most of all we thank Him that the Source of all things is Love and that He "so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

(*Love stands centre front with Youth beside her. The cast are grouped around these two. All sing together any Thanksgiving hymn, such as "Praise to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our days."*)

"WHO IS THY NEIGHBOUR?"

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION OF THE NEED FOR EXTENSION WORK IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS

Characters

LEADER.
FIRST MOTHER WITH BABY.
SECOND MOTHER.
JUNIOR.
INTERMEDIATE.
SENIOR.
ADULT.
PRIMARY CHILD.

(*Enter Leader who takes place at the extreme right of the platform. Enter a Mother with Cradle Roll Baby in her arms. She stands centre front.*)

First Mother: I have enrolled my baby in the Cradle Roll Department of this Sunday school because I want him (or her) to find the most precious thing in life—a knowledge of God.

Leader: You have chosen well for your baby. I am wondering to-day whether, while you are planning for your own child, you are giving a thought to your neighbour's baby? There are neighbours of yours to-day—Mothers who leave their babies wrapped all day in

blankets in fence corners while they help with the crop of cotton or tobacco. There are neighbours of yours who give opiates to their babies to keep them quiet while their mothers go out to work. There are neighbours of yours whose children never hear the name of Jesus except in oaths. There are neighbours of yours who have no church in walking or driving distance. There are neighbours of yours whose babies are unwanted, unloved, and untaught.

First Mother:
O Father who gavest my baby to me,
May the love of my child bring me closer to Thee.
May the children of earth who know not thy Son
Be more precious to me because of my own.

(*Enter Second Mother leading a little child.*)
Second Mother: I have brought my neighbour's child to be enrolled in the Primary Department. I have been so busy with my own baby and so burdened with my own cares that I have passed my neighbour, not thinking of him. But to-day

As I hold my own baby so close to my breast,
With its tiny, soft fingers like pink rosebuds pressed,
I think of the unwanted children who lie
In darkness neglected, no mother's arms nigh.

(*A Junior, Boy or Girl, comes forward.*)
Junior: Ten miles across a mountain ridge, a girl half led and half carried her six-year-old sister whose mother had died at her birth. The older sister had brought

up the motherless baby with the help of a bottle made by fitting a piece of hollow alderwood into an old whisky bottle. When her father married again things became even worse in the log-cabin home. The new mother dipped snuff and drank with the father. "I must git Lora Jane away from all this. I must try to give her a chanst at book larning so she can better herself," said the older sister as she made her slow way over the ridge. She finally reached the school which two young college women had started in a deserted cabin. To-day the older sister, who at the age of twelve could not read, is a teacher in the little mountain school; the younger sister is a student in college.

(*An Intermediate Pupil comes to the front.*)

Intermediate: A mountain boy was riding down a bridle path on a mule. He was thinking of the money his Uncle Jake was making by stilling moonshine whisky, and he was half minded to go and offer to help for a share of the gains. A man who was organizing a Sunday school in the neighbourhood came up the path and stopped the boy.

"Don't you want to come to our school next Sunday?"

"I mought, and then agin I moughtn't," said the boy.

The man did not ride on. He stopped and talked until he had the boy's promise to come to Sunday school.

The boy kept his promise and soon began to learn so fast that in a year or two he was sent to a Mission school for boys in a near-by valley. Here again he learned so fast that he was sent to college. From college he went on to a theological seminary. In his senior year at the seminary he received a call from one of the congregations in the city in which the seminary was located. He de-

clined the call, although it carried with it a salary large enough to buy his whole "settlement" in the mountains. He is preaching in a rural church to-day, and the boys and girls for miles around are following his leadership.

(*A Senior comes forward.*)

Senior: At the time of the World War a woman was living in a mountain cabin with no windows. Her son was sent to France. She had no idea what the war was about. Neither she nor her son could read. Yet when the news came that her son had been killed she was as broken-hearted as the mother of any college graduate. Weeks later the women of the Red Cross came to her cabin with a small silk flag bearing on it a gold star. She had learned a little of the ideals to which American women responded in those days, and she was proud of the flag.

"What do they do with these hyar flags?" she asked.

"They hang them in the window," said one of the women and then blushed when she realized that the cabin had no window.

"My boy was goin' to cut a winder for me when they took him away. I'll cut a winder now to hang his flag in," she said triumphantly. As the visitors left the cabin one of them said, "It's too bad nobody could have helped cut that window before her son died."

(*A member of one of the adult classes comes forward.*)

Adult: A Business Man went into the mountains. He saw miles of virgin timber and organized a great corporation which felled the giant oaks and sent them down into factories, where they were made into furniture to be used more or less well.

A Writer went into the mountains. He saw the quaintness and vigour of the people and wrote a story, more or less true, which he sold to an editor who sent it out to thousands of readers for an hour of more or less profitable diversion.

A Man Who Loved His Neighbours went into the mountains. He saw boys and girls, with the physical and mental strength of pioneer ancestors, growing up in ignorance and lawlessness. He started a school for them. To-day there is hardly a mission field in his denomination in which one of the pupils from that school is not working.

Leader: "Who is thy neighbour?"

Primary Child or First Mother:
"To love someone who needs me every day,
To help a wandering one to find the Way—"
Thus do I find my neighbour!

Junior:
"Among the maimed, the halt, the blind,
The poor and needy of our kind—"
Here do I find my neighbour!

Intermediate:
"When Faith is a flame that flutters,
And strength is a broken wing,
Then God wakes the note
That's a hurt in the throat,
And sympathy learns to sing—"
Then do I find my neighbour!

Senior:

"When God's image shall be known,
Not in towers of carven stone,
But in brothers of our blood,
Who's hopes and fears are understood—"
Then shall we find our neighbour!

Adult:

"When we give up thinking much
Of pains and griefs behind,
Glad to be in fullest touch
With all humankind—"
Then do we find our neighbour!

Leader: Some were singers, and they gave their songs; some were mothers, and they gave their boys and girls; some were business men, and they gave their money; some were men and women who gave their automobiles; some were high-school and college students who gave their Sunday afternoons; one was a banker who gave his genius for organization; one was a pastor who gave far more of his energy and time than he had contracted for—all of them, working together, organized four mission Sunday schools from one small congregation in Virginia. One of these schools was located in a centre for moonshine stills and the evils that go with the stills. Now the stills are gone, and a neat brick church has been built in which people who have never before been inside a church are worshipping.

To-day we have an opportunity to give to our neighbours who need our gifts. As the offering is being received, let us think of the windows of opportunity that

our gifts are opening for girls and boys in the mountain coves, the mining centres, the rural districts, the neglected areas of our country. If Jesus had not said in so many words: "Go ye into all the world," we should still know from his life of love outpoured in service that if we follow Him we too shall be moved to love the desolate and needy.

(*As the offering is being taken the following words may be sung to "Hamburg,"* or *"Waltham":*)

O Thou from whom the worlds have sprung
  At word of Thy all-wise command,
Who holdeth all the gifts of love
  Within the hollow of Thy hand,

Endow us in the name of Christ
  For service of our brother's need,
Touch Thou our eyes that we may see!
  Touch Thou our feet that we may speed!

O let us see the joy of work,
  The dignity of labour done,
The knowledge that the Master works
  Throughout a world in unison.

Wilt Thou, Lord Christ, with us still serve,
  Or else our toil unblest will be.
A slave is he who works alone,
  The friend of God who works with Thee.

—LAURA S. COPENHAVER.

This programme, in slightly different shape, has been published by the Board of Publication of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S., by whose permission it is given here in a condensed and revised form.

THE SONG THEY SANG

A LITTLE PLAY OF WORLD FRIENDSHIP

[*Previously published by Woman's Missionary Society, United Lutheran Church in America.*]

Characters and Costumes

JANE: American dress.
SUE: American dress.
ONO SAN: A kimono with wide square sleeves, tied with sash or *obi* having square bow high in the back.
CHUNDRA SINGH: Sari, made of eight yards of white cheesecloth or muslin put on the body in East Indian fashion.
FIRST TURKISH GIRL: Oriental veil as described on page 83.
SECOND TURKISH GIRL: American dress.

(*Enter Jane and Sue.*)

Jane:

I'm just as tired as I can be
Of all the things I hear and see.
I'm sure this is the dullest place.
I'd like to see a single face
That's new, or strange, or quaint, or droll,
An elf or ogre, witch or troll.

Sue:

Yes; nothing ever happens here.
If giant or genie should appear
I do not think I'd run, would you,
From *anything,* if it were new?

(*Enter Ono San. She bowes several times.*)

Ono San:

O honourable children, pray,
Illustrious ones, I beg you say
If my unworthy feet may come
Into your noble gracious home?

Jane:

O what a darling, come right here!

Sue:

You are so cunning and so dear.

Jane:

Do tell me, please, what is your name?

Sue:

And how it happened that you came?

Ono San:

I'm Ono San in my own land.
(*They attempt to shake hands.*)

O no, we do not shake the hand
We bow like this, and this and this.
Oh, no, on lips we do not kiss.

Jane:

Do come and have a cup of tea,
Dear Ono San with me.

Sue:

And me.

Jane:

And tell us both just all you can
About your quaint land of Japan.

(*All sit at table; Ono San holds up knife and fork.*)
Ono San:

I fear I cannot eat with these.
Most gracious ones, if you will please
A pair of humble chopsticks find,
I'll share your worthy meal most kind.

(*Jane finds chopsticks.*)
Jane:

O darling Ono San, we pray
That you will show us now the way
You eat with those two little sticks
And ne'er your food and fingers mix.

(*Enter Chundra Singh, a girl from India. Stands at door. Jane and Sue run to her.*)
Jane:

Come in, come in and share our tea,
Oh, *this* is Ono San you see
And *I* am Jane.

Sue:

And I am Sue.

Jane:

And won't you tell us who are you?

Chundra Singh:

I'm Chundra Singh from Hindustan,
O Jane and Sue and Ono San.

Sue:

Now, don't you eat with chopsticks too,
Or will this knife and fork here do?

Jane:

What will you have, O Chundra Singh?
We'll hunt chopsticks or anything.

Chundra Singh:

I really dare not eat a bite.
You know I'm sure 'twould not be right
For anyone impure, unclean,
A fount of evil low and mean
To sit at table with you here.
I'll stay apart and not come near.

(*Stands at door; they coax her to come in but she refuses.*)

Chundra Singh:

I am a widow; and a crime
I did at some unhappy time,
Has caused my husband's early death,
And made unclean my very breath.

Jane:

O Chundra Singh, no longer grieve;
Such fearful tales we don't believe.

Sue:

You're in America to-day,
So come and eat with us, we pray.

(*Chundra Singh sits with the others.*)

(*Enter Little Ming, a Chinese girl. Shakes her own hand in greeting.*)

Ming:
Please, have you room for little Ming?

Jane (*taking her to the table*):
O isn't she the sweetest thing?

Ming (*to Jane, bowing politely*):
How old are you?

(*To Sue*)
How old are you?

Jane (*surprised*):
Why—I am twelve and so is Sue.

Sue:
O Jane, you do not understand—
(*To Ming*)

For words of greeting in our land
We do not say, How old are you?
But ask instead, How do you do?

Ming:

Oh, that indeed is very queer,
As many things I see and hear.

Jane:

Come, do sit down and share our tea,
I'm sure we shall not disagree.
Now, do you eat with fork or knife?

Ming:
I never used them in my life.

Ono San (offering chopsticks):
Perhaps you'll deign to eat with these.

Ming:
Yes; they will suit me if you please.

Jane:
Now do you like *our* sort of bread
With home-made apple jelly spread?

Ming:
I really have the gravest doubts.
Pray have you any bamboo sprouts?

(*Jane shakes head.*)

Ming:
Or any candied lotus root?

Jane (offering apples):
Perhaps you'd like a little fruit?
I've never seen a lotus root.

Ming:
Indeed, I am not hard to suit.
A little salted squash seed, pray,
In this small land of yours to-day.

Jane:
Small land? O poor dear little Ming.
You do not know, you cunning thing.
You're in the big United States
Whose greatness history relates.

Ming:

Yes, yes, I know just where I am,
And if you'd draw a diagram
You'd find *my* land when it was done
Would hold your States—yes, every one,
And still have room for many more
To come within our friendly shore
And not be squeezed a single bit.

Jane:

I am surprised, I will admit.

Ming:

And as for histories, my dears,
Ours goes back many thousand years.

Jane:

And so does ours, I know 'tis true.
America is not so new.
In fourteen hundred ninety-two
Columbus crossed the ocean blue.

Ming:

Now, we are taught it's very rude
With boastful pride to be imbued
But years and years before that time
My people wrote in phonic rhyme.

Jane:

You do surprise me, little Ming,
I didn't think you knew a thing.
In China, isn't there a rule
That girls can never go to school?

Ming:

In China everything is changed,
And all our schools are now arranged
According to your Western plan.
When pages of our books we scan
We learn as fast as girls do here.
I do not wish to boast, my dear.
But in the schools of your own land
Where Chinese girls their minds expand,
We stand not at the foot, 'tis said,
But at the—very—topmost head!
Your honourable pardon, pray,
For speaking in this prideful way.

Jane:

I am astonished, little Ming;
But tell me just this one more thing.
In your land, now, no one destroys
The babies born who are not boys?

Ming:

Alas, I cannot yet deny
That sometimes girls are left to die.
It's hard for you to understand
How famines come throughout our land
And food gets very scarce, you see
I hope this will not always be.

(*Enter First Turkish Girl.*)

Jane:

O who is this—just two bright eyes
That peer out in the quaintest guise?

With all this covering on your face
We cannot guess your tribe or race.

Turkish Girl:
From Turkestan I come to you
My face I must conceal from view.
It is the custom in my home.

(*Enter Second Turkish Girl.*)

Second Turkish Girl:
From Turkestan I also come,
It is enough to make me smile
To see you so behind the style.
No longer do we wear the veil
Or trousers like the old-time male,
In Turkey, women now are free
To dress and walk about—like me!

(*First Turkish Girl starts to walk out in anger. Jane goes to her.*)

Jane:
Please do not quarrel. We want you all;
And though our room is somewhat small,
And though we've drunk up all our tea,
We're glad to have you as can be.

Sue:
Come, gather here, and let us sing.
Tell us a song, dear little Ming.

Ming:
What song of all shall this one be?

Jane:
I like "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

(*The rest shake their heads and say together:*)
We can't sing that—oh, no; oh, no;

Ono San:
We must sing something that we know.

Ming:
There is a song that has been sung
In every land, in every tongue.

Jane:
Oh, what is it, dear little Ming,

(*To the others:*)
Come gather round and let us sing.

Ming:
I learned it years and years ago
I think the rest of you may know
The words in English, Hindu, Japanese—

Jane:
What are they, Ming? Do tell us, please!

Ming:
When I was just a little thing—

Jane:
You're *very large,* now, great big Ming!

Ming:
But I was just a baby then,
And now, you see, I'm over ten,

When I was born I was cast out
With rags my body wrapped about.
A girl, you see, they did not need—
Another mouth they could not feed.
I should have perished in the night,
But that it chanced in the dim light,
A lady heard my wailing cry,
And bore me to her home near by.
And in her home I learned to sing
The song I would make ring and ring
Wherever children live and die
In every land beneath the sky.

(*Sings "Jesus Loves Me" in Chinese.*)

Ono San:

Two years ago, my parents sent
Me to the Mission School. I went
Each morning and I learned to sing
The song you sang here, Little Ming.

(*Sings "Jesus Loves Me" in Japanese.*)

Chundra Singh:

O blessed words, so good they seem.
'Tis almost like a happy dream.

(*Sings "Jesus Loves Me" in Hindu.*)

Jane:

In every land, in every tongue
Let the dear name of Christ be sung!

(*All join hands and sing the chorus of "Jesus Loves Me" each in her own language.*)

"Jesus Loves Me"

(*Note:* The spelling in the hymn given below has been changed without hesitation whenever the pronunciation could thereby be made clearer to those not acquainted with the languages used. Pronounce a as in start; e like a in late; i like e in be; o like o in row; u like oo in soon; ai like i in ice.

IN TELUGU, ONE OF THE LANGUAGES OF INDIA

Yesu nan-nu pre-mis-tu
Tan-na Yod-da pil-cho-nu.
Ean-ni Sat-ya Veda-mu
Na-ku by-lu-par-tsu-nu.

Chorus: Yesu pre-min-tsu-nu;
Nan-nu pre-min-tsu-nu;
Nan-nu pre min-tsu-nu;
Ma-Veda chap-pe-nu.

IN JAPANESE

Shiu wa-re wo-a i-su
Shiu wa-tsu-yo-ke-re-ba
Wa-re yo-wa-ku-to-mo
O-so-re wa a-ra-ji.

Chorus: Wa-ga Shiu Ye-su
Wa-ga Shiu Ye-su
Wa-ga Shiu Ye-su
Wa-re wo A i-su.

THE SONG THEY SANG

IN FOOCHOW DIALECT, CHINA

Ya-soo, teeang ngwai wah see jing
Ing ee Seng-ging hung-ming
Neea-jiang bwong-suk jiaw baw-ho
Ee say jong-neng a jew-go.

Chorus: Ya-soo jing-jing ti-ang ngwai
Ya-soo jing-jing ti-ang ngwai
Ya-soo jing-jing ti-ang ngwai
Jewy Sing-ging gong-hung-ming.

CHINESE

Yesu ngai ngo she ta min
Ngo yu dswe-nih ko shi chin,
Ting-tang men Tsu we ngo kai,
Pa ngo siao jin hwan chin lai.

Chorus: Tsu, Ye-su ngai ngo,
Tsu, Ye-su ngai ngo,
Tsu, Ye-su ngai ngo,
Yu-sen shu kao su ngo.

THE KEYS

A PAGEANT OF MAN'S SEARCH FOR THE BEST WAY OF LIFE

Time: Thirty minutes—which may be cut by the omission of one or more episodes.

Characters and Costumes

With speaking parts.

READER (or Keeper).

YOUTH.

Without speaking parts.

GREEK PHILOSOPHER: Tunic and robe as in pictures of Plato or Socrates. Blue or yellow.

ROMAN SOLDIER: Costume as described on page 5.

BUDDHIST PRIEST: Black robe in Oriental style.

CHINESE SCHOLAR: Chinese coat and trousers, dark blue or brown.

ANCIENT KING: King's costume in time of Solomon from any picture of King Solomon or other ancient king. Purple and gold may be used as colours. Gilt paper crown.

HAPPINESS: Rose-coloured dress of tarlatan or any gauzy material.

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE: White classic robes with wide flowing sleeves. Faith may carry a silver cross, Hope a silver star, and Love a wreath of flowers.

TWO HANDMAIDENS: White tunics with gilt bands on hair.

FIRST EPISODE

FIRST GIRL: "Flapper" type, heavily rouged.
SECOND GIRL: Modern street dress, good style and good taste.
BOY: Ordinary young man's suit.

SECOND EPISODE

MOTHER AND MRS. MASTERS: Street dresses.
JOHN: College cap and gown.

THIRD EPISODE

CHINESE MAN: Ordinary Chinese costume.
NURSE: The usual nurse's uniform.

FOURTH EPISODE

NURSE OR DEACONESS: The usual uniform or garb.
BOY: Ragged and poor but not humorously so.
GIRL: Ragged and poor but not humorously so.
ITALIAN GIRL: Bright colours; a hat on her head.
ITALIAN MOTHER: Immigrant's dress; a shawl over her head.
TWO ITALIAN CHILDREN: Immigrant's dress.

FIFTH EPISODE

MOTHER: An effect of self-respecting poverty.
JAILER: Uniform, or ordinary business suit.
MISS LUCY: Ordinary dress of young woman to-day.
TWO CHILDREN: Poorly dressed but clean and not ragged.
PHYSICIAN: Ordinary dress; or surgeon's gown and cap.

Setting and Properties

A Doorway in the centre of the platform. It may be arched or straight. It should be covered with evergreens or leaves.

A Step, on which Youth stands at the close.

A Torch for the Keeper, made by covering an ordinary flashlight with yellow paper. An electric-light bulb is easier for the Keeper to carry, and since the Keeper does not change position it may be used instead of the flashlight. It also should be covered with yellow paper.

Five Torches: Flashlights or Electric Bulbs for the five groups.

The Key to the Hospital in Episode Two is an actual door key, large enough to be seen by the audience.

No visible keys are in the hands of Youth.

(*In the middle of the platform is a doorway. Through it enters the Keeper of the Portal with a torch in her hand. She stands in front of the doorway.*)

Keeper: I am Keeper of the Portal of Life. In my hand is the Torch of Life. It flickers with the winds of time. A puff of adversity, and it wavers and seems to die. Yet when the suns are cold this torch will burn on and on through eternity. Behold, there comes Youth. In his hands are the Keys of Destiny.

(*The Keeper stands to the right of the Portal as the Youth enters and stands in the centre of the Portal.*)

Youth: Where am I? What is this above and around me?

Keeper: Above you is the sky of Heaven. Around you stretches the world—fear and adventure, shame

and hope, love and hate, faith and despair. In your hands are the Keys of Destiny. You stand to-day at the parting of the ways.

Youth: What guides are there to show the way?

Keeper: There are many who have gone before. Do you dare to follow the trail if it be shown to you?

Youth: Show me the best way and I will walk in it. Who are they who have gone before?

Keeper: I will show you. Stand aside and behold.

(*Youth stands to the left of the Portal. The figures appear in the Portal as called for by the Keeper and disappear as soon as he stops speaking of them.*

Enter Greek Philosopher.)

Keeper: Socrates of Greece sought to find the best way of life. He said the end of life is this: "Be wise; know thyself," and the "glory that was Greece" has never died out of the world.

(*Philosopher disappears behind the screen of leaves or the curtain. Roman Soldier enters.*)

Keeper: Cato of Rome sought to find the best way of life. He said the end of life is this: "Be strong; govern thyself," and the soldiers of Rome conquered the world.

(*Roman Soldier disappears. Buddhist Priest enters.*)

Keeper: Buddha of India sought the best way of life. He said the end of life is this: "Be unselfish; deny thyself." And millions of men are mortifying the flesh in the name of Buddha.

(*Buddhist disappears. Chinese Scholar enters.*)

Keeper: Confucius of China sought the best way of life. He said the end of life is this: "Be obedient; submit thyself." And the worship of ancestors is the religion of millions of men.

(*Chinese Scholar disappears.*)

Youth: There are none of these whom I wish to follow. Their day is done. They are of the past. I hold the Keys of the Future.

Keeper: Their day is not done. Millions are following their teachings on the earth to-day.

Youth: You have showed me no kings or great ones who have found wealth and the joys of life.

Keeper: I will show you one of those who builded houses and palaces, gardens and orchards, and knew the joys that are bought with much wealth.

(*Enter King in costume of King Solomon.*)

Keeper: King Solomon said: "I gathered me silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them; and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit."

(*King disappears.*)

Youth: I perceive that the Way of Life is a path in which many have stumbled and fallen. I will be bolder than any of these. I will seek only for Happiness, and thus I will find what the others have sought under many names.

(*Happiness appears in the Portal.*)

Keeper: Hear the story of the great King: "I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth. Therefore enjoy pleasure; and behold this also was vanity."

Youth: Happiness is in the Portal. I will follow her.

(*He starts toward the Portal.*)

Keeper (*holding out a detaining hand*): Stay! If you

attempt to follow Happiness, you will clasp only her shadow. She flees from those who pursue her.

(*Happiness disappears.*)

Even now she is gone, and you cannot find her by searching.

Youth: All the leaders have disappeared, and none of them has shown me the best way of life.

> "There is a glory I would find.
> And from the land of dreams it beckons me.
> It shines beyond the farthest stars I see."

Keeper: Search not for the way among the stars. It lies on the earth.

Youth: On the earth I see shame and disease; ugliness, poverty, and despair.

Keeper: All these are on the earth. Yet even so the way is here. You hold the Keys of Destiny in your hand, and there are many doors to be opened. There are many of your fellow men shut away from light and hope.

Youth: I see no doors to be unlocked.

Keeper: Would you behold the needs of the world?

EPISODE I

(*Two girls enter, walking together. To them comes hurriedly a boy.*)

Boy: I am afraid to go home. We have been found out. My father knows what we have done.

First Girl: Do not say "we." I have done nothing.

Boy: It was *you* who tempted me to take the first five dollars.

First Girl: I did not think you would be so foolish.

Boy: I know I should have planned better and not have been found out.

First Girl: Come, I will help you to forget.

Second Girl: He ought not to forget. He will grow weaker and weaker, and you yourself will come to despise him.

First Girl: Come, let us forget for a little while. Who knows what the end will be?

Boy: Is there no way out? Is there no way back?

Second Girl: There is a way. Let us go to my pastor.

First Girl: Pastor? That is funny. We do not want to be married or buried. Why should we go to a pastor?

Second Girl: My pastor helps people who are in trouble. He *understands.* He will tell us what to do. There was a man about to kill himself, when our pastor found him and talked with him until long after midnight. Now he is happy and glad to be living. Come, let us go to my pastor.

Boy: It is past midnight now.

Second Girl: My pastor will not mind being disturbed. People in trouble come to him at night as if it were day. He says, "He that loseth his life shall save it."

Boy: That's a strange thing to say. Let us go to him.

(*They go out together.*)

EPISODE II

(*Enter Mother from right meeting her friend, Mrs. Masters, who enters from left.*)

Mrs. Masters: How are you? You look so much better—so happy and well!

Mother: I came down to Commencement to see John take his degree. I had forgotten that *you* live here.

Mrs. Masters: It is wonderful how well John has done, isn't it?

Mother: You know I told you how troubled I was about him three years ago?

Mrs. Masters: You feared that he was going to stop college?

Mother: He was spending more money than I had and neglecting his work.

Mrs. Masters: What happened?

Mother: I wrote to a friend of mine who was a member of your college church.

Mrs. Masters: Was she interested?

Mother: You would have thought nothing mattered so much as her seeing John! The first thing I knew John was teaching a night school in the city and helping to pay his own way.

(*John enters in cap and gown, diploma in his hand.*)

John: I have brought you this "scrap of paper," Mother.

Mother (*holding diploma*): I am so proud—so happy! John, I want you to meet my friend, Mary Masters.

John: This is good—introducing me to Mrs. Masters! I thought you knew she is my best friend in town.

Mrs. Masters: At first I did not know that John was your son. But I liked him from the start, and when I was put on the Student Committee I took him for *my* student.

John: I've always had a suspicion that it was you who got me that night school offer, although you would never confess it.

(*They go out together.*)

EPISODE III

(*A Chinese enters from right. A nurse in uniform from left.*)

Nurse: Here is the key. (*Holds up key.*)

Chinese: What key?

Nurse: To the hospital.

Chinese: You mean the hospital the Christians have near the Fish Market?

Nurse: Yes; that is the one I mean.

Chinese: Why do you bring *me* the key?

Nurse: The hospital is closed.

Chinese: But why? What will the people do? The sick and crippled came to the hospital from all over the city and province and even from other provinces. Many have been healed and sent on their way rejoicing, and many have become Christians. I do not see how the Christians can afford to close it. It should not be closed. I myself gave a large sum of money to this hospital, although I am not a Christian.

Nurse: That is why they told me to bring the key to you. They thought you might be able to make arrangements to keep the hospital open.

Chinese: I cannot keep a Christian hospital open. I am no physician. I told you that I am not even a Christian. Why has it been closed?

Nurse: Dr. Thomas died, and there is none to take his place.

Chinese: A key to a hospital! (*Holds up the key.*) Who will open the door? Where shall we find a doctor to take the place of the Christian who has died?

Nurse: I do not know. Seven years of life and much money are required to train a man for the practice of medicine to-day.

Chinese: A key to a hospital? Who will open the door of hope to hundreds who will despair and die without this hospital?

(*They go out together.*)

EPISODE IV

(*A girl in Nurse's or Deaconess's garb. To her come a boy and girl about twelve. They enter reluctantly, peering around and drawing back as if afraid to enter. The girl holds a child of three by the hand.*)

Boy: Is this the church where they take little orphan children?

Deaconess: This is the church, but the Orphan Home is not here.

Boy: We bring Jackie to you. His mother got a bad cough and they took her away and his Aunt Liz gits drunk and leaves Jackie on us to take keer of and we can't stay with Jackie. We got to go to school ourselves and learn—like what Jackie ought to do when he gits bigger.

Deaconess: We cannot take Jackie here in the church now.

Girl: Jackie's awful good when he ain't hungry and

cross. Teacher says he might grow up to be President or something if he was learnt right.

Deaconess: We have the Orphan Home outside the city. If it is not full we will take Jackie there.

(*Enter Italian girl. Her mother and two younger children follow.*)

Italian Girl: Is deesa place where Engleesh is spoke?

Deaconess: This is the place.

Italian Girl: Mama no spika Engleesh. She getta cheated alla time. She notta unnerstan. Ever night she come—learna de Engleesh here? Mama learn vera fast!

Deaconess: We do not have the class in English here in the church. It is in the Community House on Tenth Street. Bring your mother there to-morrow night. (*Gives a card.*) Can you read this address?

Italian Girl (*looks hard at card*): I read alla right. I finda de place. I bring mama to-morrow night.

(*The immigrants bow several times and go out first. The other group follows, and the Deaconess goes last.*)

EPISODE V

(*Enter Mother with two children. She looks around wildly. The Jailer comes in.*)

Mother: Are you the jailer?

Jailer: Yes.

Mother: I want to see my son.

Jailer: What is your son's name?

Mother: William Parker.

Jailer (*pityingly*): Bill Parker's mother! Say, you just wait here a minute! There's a chair—over there. Sit down a minute. I'll be back!

(*Mother takes the chair, holding one child on her lap. Jailer goes out left.*)

Mother: He talked so strange. What shall we do?

(*Sobs quietly with handkerchief over eyes. Jailer reënters.*)

Jailer: I tried to get my wife to tell you, but she won't. We've got bad news for you; Bill Parker—well, now, you know—Bill—he got in with a mighty tough gang.

Mother: Yes, I know. He was a good boy—there never was a kinder boy to his mother until he got to drinking with that lot down at Crusey's place. What is it? Have they gone on and had the trial without me? I wanted to tell them about Bill and how he wasn't to blame.

Jailer: Bill—they ain't going to be no trial. Bill killed himself last night. He got a knife some way. He won't have to go to the Pen or the electric chair.

Mother (*sobbing*)*:* When do I get Bill—Bill's body back home?

Jailer: Any time! Now, don't take on so. I'll go get my wife.

Mother: I can't do no more for Bill. But here's two more boys—I want to do a better part by them than I done by Bill.

Jailer: The Sunday school is good for children. Do you send your kids to Sunday school?

Mother: No; I don't, but I was aiming to. I can't think of anything now but how Bill uster look up at me when he was playing on the floor.

Jailer: Brace up, now—no use crying—there's plenty to be done—unless you want Bill to be buried by the county.

Mother: No, no. I want to take him back home to the

graveyard—but I can't plan—my mind runs on so foolish-like.

(*Enter Miss Lucy. She goes to the jailer.*)

Miss Lucy: Your wife asked me to come. Is there anything I can do?

Jailer: This is Mrs. Parker, Miss Lucy, and she's in a lot of trouble. Now, Mrs. Parker, this is Miss Lucy. She helps the pastor over at St. John's Church. She knows all about things you want to learn, and she'll help you. You just go on with her and tell her all your troubles.

(*Miss Lucy takes the youngest child by the hand, and she and the mother and children go out together. The jailer follows.*)

Keeper: Do you see the need of the world?

Youth: I see the follies of the world. I see the need. But I do not see why you call on me to help.

Keeper: In your hands are the Keys of Destiny.

Youth: I hold no key.

Keeper: The Key of a consecrated life is in your hands. It will open through you to many others the door to more abundant life. Will you take from me this Torch and enter the Portal?

(*Youth takes the Torch and stands in centre of Portal.*)

Keeper: With you will go Faith, Hope, and Love.

(*Enter Faith, Hope, and Love, who stand beside Youth.*)

Through these three life will reach out to the oppressed and the needy.

(*Faith, Hope, and Love move out in different directions. They bring in the groups of the five Episodes. The*

members of each group stand very close together so that each group may be seen as a distinct entity. Faith and Hope stand on either side of Youth and Love in the centre, they being nearer to the groups than to Youth. The groups enter in the order of their previous entrance and at the words of the Keeper describing each one of them.)

(*First Group enters.*)

Keeper: In friendly counsel lives are reborn. The thoughtless and the wayward are redeemed.

(*Second Group enters.*)

Keeper: As one life touches another in sympathy, Christ enters both lives. "I in them and Thou in me that the world may know that thou hast sent me."

(*Third Group enters, bringing with them a physician.*)

Keeper: Christ Himself is seen in the compassion of human hands.

(*Fourth Group enters.*)

Keeper: Love goes into homes where Ignorance and Sorrow dwell.

(*Fifth Group enters.*)

Keeper: The followers of Christ hear His voice saying, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me."

(*Faith, Hope, and Love now take up the torches which they give to the following persons in each group: Second Girl, Mrs. Masters, Physician, Nurse, Miss Lucy.*)

Youth: I have sought the best way of life and have found that it lies not in knowledge alone, nor in riches, nor in power, nor in pleasure. In the world I have seen sickness and sorrow, injustice and shame. But I have

seen, also, the face of One who warmed the cold earth with His love and sent out through the centuries the light of the Cross on which He died. Standing in the Portal of Life, I wish, not to be forever holding out greedy hands to *receive* the gifts of fortune, but, if there be anything in me of skill or strength, to *give* what others need.

(*Recessional: any stately march may be played while the cast go out in the reverse order from that of entrance, the Keeper being last.*)

MUSIC

The music should be instrumental—piano, organ, or orchestra.

1. A brief prelude expressing Hope.
2. Short strains of appropriate music for the entrances of symbolic figures, such as Greek, Roman, etc.
3. Soft music in the distance when the Keeper asks, "Do you hear the voice that calls?"
4. Appropriate music for each episode.
5. A Recessional.

This pageant in a different form has been previously published by the Lutheran Board of Education and with their permission is given in revised form here. The statement of the ancient philosophies was suggested by an address of E. Stanley Jones.

PAGEANT PROCESSIONALS

The following simple but effective pageant processionals may be used to open or conclude programmes on foreign missions or world peace:

1. To the singing of "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," from twenty to thirty young women walk down the aisle holding torches (made by covering large flashlights with yellow paper). On the word "crown" in the last line of each stanza, the torch bearers lift their torches high above their heads. They march to the platform and form a LIVING CROSS, either with or without steps. If no steps are used, numbers are marked on the floor, according to the diagram given below, so that each torch bearer takes her place on the proper spot. After the Cross is formed, the torch bearers sing "In the Cross of Christ I Glory."

8
24 22 20 9 21 23 25
1 2 3 4 5 6 7
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19

2. To the music of the hymn "The King's Highway" (page 41) young women dressed in the costume of the nations desired and carrying flags of the nations walk down the aisle. They form a semicircle and sing the words of the hymn. On the word "Highway" in the last line of each stanza they lift the flags above their heads. At the beginning of the last stanza Christianity enters, carrying the Christian flag. She takes her place in the centre of the semicircle. Each flag bearer tells briefly about a need or a result of mission work in the country she represents.

3. If the ceiling is in a straight line, to which staples may be attached, cords are run through these staples and fastened to the flags of as many nations as may be selected. Young women in the costumes of the nations march to the platform singing, "Lead on, O King Eternal." Each young woman pulls the cord to which the flag of the country she represents is fastened. The music of the hymn continues until all the flags are in position across the platform. The music changes to "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," to which Christianity enters. Above her is unfurled the Christian flag, which should be larger than the other flags. Every flag should have two rings, one at each end, to which the cords are fastened.

(*Flags may be rented at low cost from Boards of Foreign Missions.*)

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